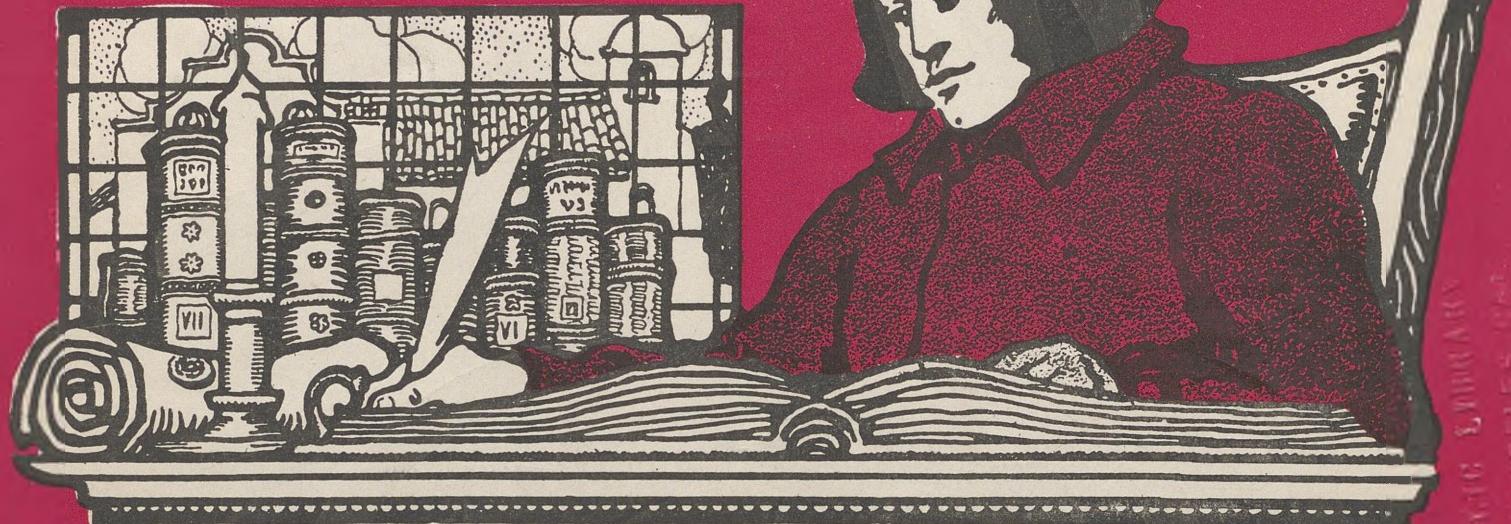


The GRAPHIC



Twentieth Year—September 13, 1913

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

LOVE'S FORGETFULNESS

By ROBERT BRIDGES

So sweet seemed love that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell---let truth be told---
That love will change in growing old;
Though day by day is nought to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet.

RALPH FULLERTON MOCINE.

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THE GRAPHIC

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LOS ANGELES, SEPTEMBER 13, 1913

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



CORONA'S UPLIFT CONTRIBUTION

FIVE men seriously injured, two of whom may die and still no world's records broken at the Corona speed contests Admission Day. How provoking! Perhaps, the price was not high enough. If the five men had been killed outright and half a minute's time had been clipped off the 300-mile race the sacrifice would have been fairly worth while. It is too bad the crowds saw no fatalities after traveling so far for that purpose. And only one little girl injured! Really, the racing was almost a fizzle. Sixty thousand spectators present and of the half a dozen accidents that no one was instantly killed cannot be laid at the doors of the Corona management; certainly, it did the best that could be done to make the meet a success in that direction. Here is Barney Oldfield's testimony, for instance:

The course was dangerous and those who went around it knew it was so. It was fast, too fast, for the nature of the track. I am mighty glad that there were not more accidents. I feared that there would be a lengthy list. It was my greatest fear that spectators would be hurt, and I am grieved to know that the tire in leaving the rim of my car caused injury to a man. I felt that such injuries would come to those on the outside of the track, and I repeatedly advised spectators to watch the race from the inside of the circle.

That Oldfield escaped instant death when a front tire of his racing car flew off and the driver lost control of his machine, pitching headlong into the curb, is one of those marvels that no one attempts to explain. His mechanician was less fortunate, his contact with a pepper tree causing internal injuries that may prove fatal. The mechanician of another car had his skull fractured and his recovery is doubtful. Of course, there were numerous thrills when tires burst or rolled off, to the imminent danger of the drivers, but though Death was in close pursuit the grim destroyer not yet has caught up. As evidencing the Roman temper of the crowd let Druggist Starbuck of Fullerton testify. He was an eye witness of the Rhodes-Warren catastrophe, in the light car race, when Rhodes lost control of his car. He says:

I had barely time to step aside when they were both thrown out as the machine was smashed against the tree. I ran to the assistance of Warren, who must have slid along the ground for fifty feet. He was unconscious at the time. Dr. Robley of Riverside came to his assistance. The ambulance was on the far side of the track and I called on the automobile drivers to lend us a car to take the men to the hospital. Not one was willing to leave his place beside the course. After a few minutes a racing car came along and picked us up. I held Warren in my lap. He was delirious and thought he was still driving in the race. Sometimes he would reach down to pump oil, and then he would imagine that he must get out to change a tire.

Think of it! None of the spectators besought by the Fullerton man was willing to withdraw his car from the course to carry a probably dying man to the ambulance wagon, for fear of losing vantage ground.

Ugh! If that is the spirit engendered by speed races what a glorious day's work for Corona. How nobly her taxpayers have contributed to the world's uplift! Five men and a girl injured, and no records broken! A man hurled to his death, in all likelihood, and allowed to lie where he fell because spectators were fearful of missing a still bloodier spectacle. What elevating sport!

VENGEANCE OF THE AIR GNOMES

A VIATORS should cross their fingers when moved to make any statement that is to be construed as boastful. Following close upon the assertion of one of the Zeppelin officials that a transatlantic aerial voyage was easily within the scope of the German airships comes the grim announcement of the loss of the new German dirigible Zeppelin II, the pride of the German navy. Flying from the mainland to the island of Heligoland in a gale the airship was beaten to the ocean's surface by the force of the winds and fifteen lives lost. Torpedo boats picked up seven of the crew, but the captain and other officers of high rank forming the trial board perished.

All this in sight of land! The finest and latest perfected Zeppelin model as helpless as a toy boat in the teeth of a gale. The spirits of the upper planes jealously guard their domain. For a time they permit the intruders to roam at will. Then, when fancied security causes the invaders to believe they have won immunity from the death peril the lurking sprites issue from the ether and descend upon the daring mortals, hurling them to their doom. Read the latest list: A German aviator fell to his death from a height of 600 feet, Tuesday, when competing for a distance prize. At St. Petersburg, a few hours afterward, an aviator in the Russian army was killed when his aeroplane turned turtle at a height of ninety feet. At Berne, Switzerland, the same day, a Swiss aviator maneuvering in a thunder storm was dashed to the earth along with his machine and fatally injured. These form only a part of the week's record.

To all the call to earth comes, sooner or later. The law of gravitation will not be denied and with this force below ever tugging the spirits above find their task of keeping the aerial lanes clear greatly simplified. Perhaps, the day will arrive when bold inventors like Peroud of France may be able to defy the atmospheric gnomes that prey upon the intrepid explorers of their heights, but before that time comes the toll of death will be so large that civilization will stand aghast in contemplation of the sacrifice.

WHAT THE FUSIONISTS MAY FACE

WHAT is announced as the Progressive slate for the state ticket in 1914 has made its appearance, via Sacramento. This it is:

Hiram W. Johnson, San Francisco, for governor. A. J. Wallace, Los Angeles, for lieutenant-governor.

John S. Chambers, Sacramento, for controller. Kemper B. Campbell, Los Angeles, for secretary of state.

E. D. Roberts, San Bernardino, for treasurer. U. S. Webb, San Francisco, for attorney-general. Nannie E. Davidson, Kings county, for state superintendent.

Matt I. Sullivan, San Francisco, for chief justice supreme court.

Lucien Shaw, Los Angeles, and John F. Davies, San Francisco, for associate justices supreme court.

Strictly unofficial, of course, but indicative of the trend. With the name of Francis J. Heney still to be appended for United States senator. Matt I. Sullivan for chief justice of the supreme court may be excellent material for that high office, but it is rapid promotion. It is our loss not to enjoy the acquaintance of Mr. Kemper B. Campbell of Los Angeles, the selected secretary of state, but after twelve years of

newspaper experience in the county, ten of which have been passed at the county seat, with chagrin we admit that we have never heard of the gentleman. However, that is probably our fault and, doubtless, our misfortune.

We hope to see the Los Angeles County Bar Association have a word to say in regard to the personnel of the state supreme bench. The plan of supporting a candidate for the supreme court merely because he is a reformer of the Johnson breed does not wholly appeal to us. A governor who elects to draw his salary for three months in which time he is absent from the state engaging in personal politics—an effort to get himself elected president of the United States at a higher salary than the California constitution stipulates for its executive—may be honest from the Progressively partisan viewpoint, but from another angle it is rankly dishonest.

Fusion of the Republicans and Democrats is the best way to rebuke the voucher-taking propensities of our gallivanting governor. With Franklin K. Lane at the head of the ticket, a strong judiciary, non-partisan in its nature, approved by the various bar associations of the state and representative men of both fused parties named for the other state offices should prove a great vote-winner. As for the United States senatorship John D. Phelan in the north and George S. Patton in the south will probably strive for the Democratic nomination with Representative E. A. Hayes and Samuel Shortridge contesting for the Republican honor.

TARIFF BILL GOES TO CONFERENCE

AFTER several months of debate, in which time the standpatters in the senate betrayed a woeful ignorance of the wishes of the people, the tariff bill, with an average reduction of more than four per cent from the house bill and nearly twenty-eight per cent from the Payne-Aldrich tariff law of the Taft special session, passes the senate by a strict party vote save that the two Louisiana senators renegged on the free sugar clause and Senators La Follette and Poindexter voted with the Democrats. All honor to their courage. Senator Works lacked this trait. Although he knows the revision is in the interest of the masses he is loth to go contrary to the wishes of certain constituent beneficiaries of the protective tariff. Perhaps, he should not be blamed.

We believe that Senator Poindexter reflected the sentiment of the rank-and-file Republicans who have favored tariff revision when he said: "I voted for the senate tariff bill because it is as a whole a better bill than the Payne-Aldrich law, now in force. Furthermore, it contains an income tax which we have been trying to get for twenty years. Some of its rates are too high and some are too low—but its general average on manufactures is high enough. Its classification is far from scientific, but not more so than the existing law." A fair exposition. One of the anomalies of the bill is the proposed duty of one-tenth or one per cent a pound on bananas. As a revenue measure this is probably justifiable; but the banana is the poor man's fruit and should be admitted without duty.

In one important particular the senate has vastly improved on the house bill and that is in respect to the income tax. By reducing the minimum from \$4000 to \$3000 and increasing the rates on the larger incomes over the Underwood provisions the great middle class does not escape its just share of the burden. President Wilson is entitled to feel pleased over this important party victory which has moved to fruition in spite of all obstacles. That such Progressive Republicans as Senators Bristow, Clapp, Cummins, and Nelson voted against the bill is dis-

appointing. They represent that class of insurgent Republicans whose desire for tariff reform has been adamant. The bill now goes to joint conference for final adjudication. It should meet with swift action in the committee's hands.

SACRAMENTO REYNARD TRIUMPHS

DESPITE the bitter fight to prevent final confirmation of Thomas Fox as postmaster at Sacramento, in which Senators La Follette and Works and Rudolph Spreckels joined hands, the forces behind Secretary Lane, at whose instigation Fox was named by the President, succeeded in overcoming the opposition. It was Spreckels' contention that Fox was a typical machine politician, a member of the old gang that did the bidding of the railroads when they dictated the politics of the state, hence an undesirable. Mr. Lane vouched for Fox as a reformed Democrat who had been a victim of early environment and although he was an original Champ Clark adherent his indorsements landed the plum.

Southern California has taken but little interest in the controversy. Tom Fox is not well known south of the Tehachapi save to the retired leaders of the old guard, hence his confirmation or defeat was of little moment to the majority. The Bell faction in the state, however, followed the proceedings keenly, since Fox was of Bell's entourage, which is not especially to his credit. Evidently, after making the appointment the President declined to interfere, even to oblige Rudolph Spreckels, whose weakness lay in the fact that no specific charges of wrongdoing could be laid at the door of Fox.

Supporting the presidential choice was Senator Perkins who made the point that in a city of 65,000 population—his home city—only a dozen protests had been filed against Fox. His chief opponents were outsiders like Works, Spreckels and La Follette, the latter, of course, influenced by the junior senator from California. Why the Wisconsin man should have espoused Spreckels' fight, considering his desertion by the latter in the presidential primary is a mystery. Perhaps, a future contingency depends upon his action. As for Fox he magnanimously declares that he harbors no ill will toward anybody, but will now prepare to give Sacramento the best postal service in its history.

NEW YORK'S LOSS IS THE NATION'S

TAMMANY has chief reason to rejoice in the removal by death of Mayor Gaynor of New York, whose uncompromising attitude toward the corrupt political organization had won for the courageous executive the plaudits of honest men everywhere. In the last four years Mayor Gaynor's administration was marked by the determined efforts of the municipal head to prevent the awarding of city contracts to any member of the grafting crew and in consequence they have been lean and hungry years for the unscrupulous leaders. Naturally, they opposed his renomination to office and by naming McCall hope to regain their grip on the municipal treasury. Just before he sailed from the port of New York in the search for health Mayor Gaynor severely denounced the Tammany Hall grafters, telling the taxpayers that whether he remained in office through another four years of hard work concerned them much more than it did him.

Never a strong man since he received the bullet wound at the hands of a crazy man, three years ago, incited to the deed, according to the mayor, by the editorial attacks in the Hearst papers in much the same way that Czolgosz was keyed to his infamous shooting of President McKinley by similar vicious methods from the same source, Mayor Gaynor had fought the good fight despite his physical ailments and was preparing for another battle when he succumbed to heart trouble, superinduced by the old wound. Thus, the chief obstacle to Tammany's return to control is suddenly removed and the political situation is so far simplified that only by the unification of the opposing candidates will it be possible to defeat the Murphy nominee for mayor.

Much more, than a politician was the late William

J. Gaynor. Always a student, a wide reader, a keen observer, a clear thinker, until the assassin's bullet rendered him irritable a finer mind it were hard to find in any public official in the state. Admitted to the bar in 1875 he conducted many important cases before he was elected judge of the supreme court of New York in 1893, to which he was reelected for a second term, resigning to accept the Democratic nomination for mayor in 1909. His good work in exposing grafters, in securing the conviction of the notorious Kane for election frauds and his refusal to let Boss Murphy control the mayoralty office conspired to give him national fame. He might have been governor of his state had he chosen to let Tammany into the feeding trough, and at one time he was seriously considered as a compromise candidate for the Democratic nomination for President at Baltimore.

It is interesting at this time to recall the sixteen favorite books of Mayor Gaynor, which, he assured his friends, had had the greatest influence upon his life. They include the Bible, Euclid, Shakespeare, Hume's History of England (especially the notes,) Homer, Milton, Cervantes, Rabelais, Gil Blas, Franklin's Autobiography and Letters, Plutarch's Lives, Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations, Bacon's Essays and De Lome's British Constitution. It is a queer choice, although numbering many standard works that from no library of any pretensions to merit could be omitted. But why Euclid, why Rabelais, why Gil Blas and why Cellini? Surely, there are a thousand stronger and finer books than the three latter named to aid a man in his course through life. Interesting, yes, but hardly to be ranked as great books. Aside from the Bible, and Shakespeare, few in this list are read with any assiduity today, but they deserve attention if only because they helped to train for his country so fine a character as the late Mayor Gaynor.

CANADIAN PACIFIC'S VAST EARNINGS

INTERESTING contrast is afforded at this time, when railroads in the United States are pulling long faces over their earnings, with the showing made by the Canadian Pacific railway as disclosed by its balance sheet for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1913. From its 11,602 miles of track operated the Canadian Pacific piled up gross earnings of \$137,396,000 and had outstanding only \$13,158,000 mortgage bonds. That is to say, with a bonded indebtedness of not much more than \$1000 a mile the road is actually earning upward of \$11,000 a mile. From the Railway Age Gazette we glean these salient financial facts that reveal in a few words the highly satisfactory condition of the railroad. They are reduced from the balance sheet:

Amounts due from agents and conductors and miscellaneous accounts receivable—\$11,253,000—and the amount temporarily invested in government securities—\$10,089,000—would have been more than sufficient to have paid the entire mortgage debt of the company, leaving \$30,275,000 cash on hand, \$12,073,000 advances and investments, exclusive of advances to lines under construction, and \$44,499,000 deferred payments on land and town sites sales to meet current liabilities totaling \$30,511,000. The three-line note attached to the balance sheet, which is of itself rather fascinating, mentions that in addition to the assets shown the company owns 7,985,244 acres of land.

As against the total operating revenues in 1913 of \$139,396,000 was \$123,320,000 in 1912. Operating expenses this year were \$93,150,000 as compared with \$80,021,000. It is stated that the Canadian Pacific bends its vast energies toward getting business principally in the creation of new business, and in the bringing in of new settlers and the opening up of new territory the railroad has been a prime factor in promoting the growth and prosperity of the Dominion. In the last fiscal year, for example, the Canadian Pacific has constructed six hundred miles of road, in line with its liberal policy of keeping ahead of the procession, while an extensive program of new construction is under way. In 1913 the total amount spent for construction and for additions and

improvements, exclusive of expenditures for new shops and new equipment, amounted to \$45,922,726.

It is stated that the road carried 29,472,000 tons of freight in the year under consideration, the character of the freight, remarks the Railway Age Gazette, justifying, if any justification is necessary, the expenditures that are being made by the Canadian Pacific to develop the Canadian agricultural and lumber industries, and so induce settlers to immigrate into Canada. Altogether, it is a profoundly interesting story of efficiency and splendid management that the balance sheet of the railroad unfolds.

MRS. PANKHURST SHOULD BE EXCLUDED

FORMAL announcement that Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst will sail from Havre for New York October 11 has provoked much comment on the probable attitude of the United States government toward the English militant leader. Opinion is divided, that is, newspaper opinion. Many of our contemporaries believe it to be the duty of immigration officers to prevent Mrs. Pankhurst from landing on American shores. Others think that the principle of liberty as practiced in this country demands a "hands off" policy toward the noted suffragette, with no police interference whatsoever in her actions.

We cannot agree with that viewpoint. Mrs. Pankhurst is a fugitive from justice, hence an undesirable citizen. She is under sentence of three years for instigating the crime of arson. True, it is a political crime, but is the immigration bureau authorized to differentiate motives and base its decisions accordingly? Whether the act of an incendiary is palliated because he or she was incited to the deed by alleged patriotic inspirations, rendering the perpetrator immune from official interference, is a nice point in immigration ethics for this government to determine. In view of the menace known to lurk in Mrs. Pankhurst's code of morals, however, we hardly see how the woman can be given right of entrance to the country.

Here, too, the suffragist question is a burning issue; but it is being settled by the ballot, not by brickbats; by argument, not by arson; by appeals to congress, not by personal violence on our cabinet officials. What if the influence of Mrs. Pankhurst should lead foolish women to change their present mode of campaigning for the English militant's manner of procedure. We believe the courts would make short work of such damphoolishness, but, in the interim, much damage to property might ensue. We say it is possible, although extremely improbable, since public sentiment is fairly united in decrying the lawless acts of the English militant sisters. Still, the possibilities remain, so why take chances? Why admit a misguided woman, perhaps, suffering from a form of dementia, having potential powers for upsetting the status quo of suffrage propaganda? Common sense would seem to argue in favor of excluding the convicted woman from these shores.

MAINE'S THIRD PARTY CLEFT IN TWAIN

EXAMINATION of the returns from the Third congressional district, in Maine, which has apparently elected John A. Peters, a standpat Republican, to the vacancy caused by the death of Forrest Goodwin, does not warrant the assertion that President Wilson's policies have been repudiated by the Maine special election, but rather that the Progressives have gone back to their original wallow. The district has been Republican until Woodrow Wilson carried it last November by a vote of 14,692 to 13,325 Roosevelt and 7159 Taft. According to the returns William B. Pattingall, the Democrat pitted against Peters, polled 14,553 or practically the full strength of the Wilson vote in 1912.

If the Maine election has any significance whatsoever it is that the Progressives have lost faith in a third party movement and are returning to the Republican fold. Lawrence, the Progressive candidate, has fallen behind the Roosevelt total 6757, having polled 6478 votes, a sheer loss of 50 per cent, which Peters has gained, together with the votes of a few more Republicans who had the heart to go to the

polls in the presidential election. In other words, the political pendulum is swinging back and the line-up promises to be as of yore with the third party controlling enough votes in any but the hidebound, standpat districts to give the election to the Democrats.

This vote effectually reveals the insincerity of the Maine Progressives on the tariff. If they had been bona fide revisionists they could not have voted for Peters who is a high protectionist. We shall examine with interest the vote in the house on the tariff bill when it is reported back from the senate. The original insurgents largely comprised low tariff Republicans. Whether or not they will have the courage of their convictions remains to be seen. As most of them are still pseudo Republicans, in reality, recalcitrants, their line-up will be of curicus interest although in nowise affecting the passage of the bill.

ERA OF THE INDECENT

PLEASANT stage pictures the Los Angeles public has had put before it of late in "The Traffic" and "The Lure." Yet not a protest is heard from the city council that is so eager to prevent the debauching of the people by moving picture banalities. The inconsistency of its interference through an appointed censor is obvious. When a really vicious play is staged there is silence maintained about the city hall and the pruriently inclined are allowed to swallow *ad libitum*.

What an era of indecency seems to be upon us, anyway. Both plays herein indicated are said to have enjoyed a profitable run in San Francisco, but let not that statement amaze or grieve the judicious. A San Francisco newspaper has recently finished printing the history of a common prostitute whose sordid amours were given in such detail that the circulation of the strumpet-sheet soared beyond the one hundred and fifty thousand-mark daily. Strange to say, even the postal authorities were inactive until a few disgusted contemporary newspaper publishers, including ourselves, filed protest and so put a quietus on the filthy stuff.

We cannot conceive of parents having a knowledge of the facts deliberately allowing their daughters to attend performances of the "Traffic" and "Lure" type or permitting within their homes a newspaper whose columns reek with the argot of the slut. Yet standing room only has been announced for the plays that purport to condemn the social evil and a largely increased circulation for the pornographic newspaper reveal the wretched tastes of an unbalanced public. Truth is, the plays are cunningly devised to attract the lecherous-minded and the newspaper publisher that pretends to deplore the social evil is secretly gloating over the increased circulation of his debased sheet. Faugh!

PRIZE FIGHTING COTERIE WORRIED

THREE principals, the pugilist, promoter and referee, and nine other participants are held to the superior court on a charge of second degree murder for their aid in and abettance of the death of "Bull" Young in a prize fight, he having succumbed in hospital to an operation following a knock-out blow in the Vernon ring administered by Jess Willard. Doubtless, the Los Angeles justice of the peace before whom the preliminary trial was conducted considered that the testimony warranted him in taking this action. The attempt to prove that the doctor who operated on the injured pugilist's skull was more nearly responsible for the fatal result than Willard did not seem to impress the justice and, in his skepticism, the post-mortem proceedings offer warrant.

Much depends upon the view taken by the upper court of the contest. If it is held, as in the Wolgast-Memsic case, that the bout was a legal one, then manslaughter is the only charge that can be successfully maintained against the defendants, since the state law authorizes exhibition fights and Vernon has an ordinance permitting contests of the nature which the Willard Young match assumed to be. It is incumbent upon the district attorney to prove that it

was in a prize fight and not in a boxing match that Young met his death blow in order to make the second degree murder charge stick and this, we expect, will be a difficult task.

It is clear that the outcome will depend largely upon "expert" evidence and with the sympathies of all the experts overwhelmingly with the defendants it is not unlikely that the prosecuting attorney will be sadly hampered in his efforts to sustain the charge. Pending the trial we imagine that all ringside events of a professional nature will be discontinued. It would be worse than folly for the men under bonds to try to perpetuate the alleged sport; another unfortunate blow such as Young encountered might result similarly, in which case the defendants would find themselves in a still more serious dilemma. The "sport," professionally considered, would seem to have received a knock-out blow in this county and it will die unregretted and unwept. As for the defendants they are entitled to the benefit of the doubt. So long as the state countenances the ringside affairs it must protect those who are legally entitled to engage in the disgraceful contests. That is the state's penalization.

SCIENCE AND NURSERY RHYMES

JUST when sugar is to be free-listed—after a stipulated interval—consequently, rendered cheaper to the masses, a German scientist, called into consultation in a prospective domestic affair of moment in the Duke of Roxburghe's household tips off the profoundly interesting announcement that avoidance of sugar by prospective mothers means an influx of boys while ignoring of this rule will give a plethora of girl babies. As if this were a revelation, a discovery. Who does not recall the nursery ditty:

Sugar and spice
And all things nice
Are what little girls are made of;
Rats and snails,
And puppy dogs' tails,
Are what little boys are made of.

There you have the formula reduced to doggerel. Sugar, the chief ingredient, is the basic substance of girls. As to boys—but who cares *what* little boys are made of! They will have their way so long as sugar is not present to bewilder them just as they are making up their embryo minds which sex to choose. This unfortunate reminder by Dr. Schenck, via London, will, we fear, tend to reduce by many thousands of long tons the consumption of sugar in this country and abroad. Not that mere man will abate his sweet tooth, but in their unreasoning ambition to please their husbands it is easily imaginable that young wives who love their liege lords will religiously refrain from use of sugared foods hoping by this eugenic, pre-natal method to determine the sex of their first-born. We shall watch the sugar statistics with deeper interest than ever before; also the results on posterity.

RENEWING AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE

HOW like an old story were the arguments used to convince the house that San Francisco is in dire necessity for water and that unless the Hetch Hetchy bill was passed our northern compatriots must perish from thirst. Listen to this tearful wail:

About one-third of the city is without water connection, and those connected with the system are not permitted to use any considerable proportion of what they actually need. Notices are running in the papers out there to prohibit the watering of lawns, to prohibit the washing of steps, and generally to curtail the use of water. In fact, the city of San Francisco is not using one-half of the water that the people need. The lawns and the shrubbery and the plants are suffering for want of water.

Did the pessimistic utterance emanate from a member of the California delegation—from a San Francisco representative? Not, nit. It was the observation of Hon. Scott Ferris of Oklahoma, chairman of the committee on public lands, who doubtless gained the information he imparted from his California colleagues. Let us not inquire too closely as to the source of their information and its authenticity. What we desire to point out is the strange similarity of the calamitous statement to that made by the self-

fish promoters of the Owens River costly folly seven years ago, just prior to the voting of the first issue of bonds. At that time Los Angeles was considerably smaller in population than now, consequently using far less water. What was the course pursued by the bond promoters? Precisely that of the Hetch Hetchy schemers. Notices were printed in the daily papers and conspicuously posted prohibiting the sprinkling of lawns, forbidding the washing of steps, inhibiting the excess use of water in any form owing to the "great shortage."

It was a trick that worked to perfection. The people were properly scared and by a ten to one vote the proposed bond issue was ratified. Since that day not a peep has been heard from the water department respecting a shortage although in the interval the city has practically doubled in population and, in consequence, made that much additional demand upon the water supply. In the interim local water development has so far progressed that a supply sufficient for a city of a million is in sight without using one drop of the Owens River dubious article. Once get the Hetch Hetchy bill through congress and the Spring Valley Water Company now lying low to sell its plant to the city of San Francisco will chuckle over the "scare" as successfully worked on congress as on Los Angeles voters. In the northern city as in the southern taxpayers will bear the burden and a few insiders will gather the plums.

SPOKESMAN FOR THE NATURE LOVERS

AMONG the opponents of the Hetch Hetchy bill in the house was Representative Steenerson of Minnesota, who argued that it was absurd to regard the proposal as an emergency measure when it would take ten years to construct the waterworks system. He intimated strongly that it was more of a project to develop electric power for the benefit of the grantees at the expense of the government. As to the valley being improved by the reservoir he properly held that argument as ridiculous. Said he:

When water is needed the reservoir will probably be empty, as all reservoirs are at those times, and you will have in place of the beautiful floor of the Hetch Hetchy Valley, as described by Prof. Muir, a dirty, muddy pond, with the water drained off to supply San Francisco, and probably with dead fish and frogs in it. Will that be beautiful? And then there will be perhaps large generating works, with rolling wheels and buzzing machinery and transmission wires with a devilish, hissing noise echoing and reechoing strange and cacophonous sounds through the whole valley. That is what you will offer us in place of the temple of the gods that has been made ready for our admiration.

Representative Steenerson had only scorn for the effort to make cities at the expense of the country. Rather would he encourage the people to go to the national parks where they can admire nature in its pristine beauty and glory and become imbued with the love of nature—become second Burbanks in knowledge and practice and science of plant breeding and all the secrets of animal and vegetable life. "Do you think," he asked, "that you can produce such men by building up large cities and raising your families in apartment houses, like the cliff dwellers? No. It is said this park is hard of access; that only a few hundred people reach it every year; that more will reach it when you have destroyed it. Then they can go in trolley cars and railroad cars; but I would rather have a few see it in its natural glory than in its desecrated form. Perhaps, a lone, footsore, weary wanderer may find his way into the valley one day and by means of inspiration of these wonderful surroundings will produce something more valuable than money. Suppose he could write a poem like Burns' poem to a mountain daisy? Would you trade it for \$45,000,000 that the taxpayers of San Francisco have voted for this enterprise? Why, you could not estimate the value of such a contribution to human thought in its refining effects in millions of dollars."

Congressman Steenerson found the fate of Hetch Hetchy valley—the beautiful mountain gem—so touchingly like that of the mountain daisy that he could not refrain from having Robert Burns' poem printed in the Record. He realized that the bill was about to pass the house, foreshadowing the doom of

the valley, and with the passing of its beauty he felt that he would not be the only mourner at its bier:

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.
* * * * *
There, in thy scanty mantle ciad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassumming head,
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust;
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid,
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er.

Sentiment? Perhaps so. Would that there were more of it in evidence these materialistic times. We are glad with Mr. Steenerson, with John Muir, with Robert Underwood Johnson and other nature lovers who have fought against the desecration of the Hetch Hetchy valley. "Sentiment," observed the Minnesota congressman in his closing remarks, "if you please! It is a wise saying that the man who writes the songs of a people has more influence than he who writes its laws. I hope that upon reflection the house of representatives will not press this bill to formal passage at this time, and I say to you now that if you try to do it you will have to muster a quorum when the time has come for action, because I will not stand here an idle spectator when this hand of greed is laid upon our national forests, and I want the Democratic party to go on record, after this same proposition to destroy the Hetch Hetchy valley has been defeated four times in the last six years—I want it to go on record as doing this as an emergency measure; and I want to go home to Minnesota and tell the people on the stump that this is the kind of emergency measures that the Democratic majority and the caucus are forcing through here at this time."

"FANGDOODLES" FOR SPANISH MISSION

PENDING the proposition to elevate the American mission to Spain into an embassy, as a courtesy to the Spanish government which had requested the change and because it is likely to bring about closer and friendlier relations with the Latin-American republics, Mr. Mann, minority leader, seized the opportunity to indulge in sly sarcasm at the expense of the dominant party. Changing from plain minister to Spain to an ambassadorship will cost the country about \$8000 a year additional—probably a good investment considering the satisfaction it will engender in the Central and South American republics—but this did not interest Representative Mann who, addressing the chair, observed:

We have managed to get along very well without an ambassador at an increased salary until the new economic administration took charge of the government. Having won the election on a platform of economy and the cutting down of expenses, the first thing that is proposed in reference to our national relations is to change the office of a ministry to an embassy, at an increased salary, in order that our representative in this particular country may get into the "eats" a little more quickly than he otherwise would, because practically that is all it amounts to, and when he is invited out to an official dinner, he will go in three or four numbers ahead of the time he would if he were a mere minister.

Not a high order of statesmanship in that speech, one may conclude. Mr. Murdock interjected the hope that the ambassador would also get more to eat on account of his increased salary whereupon Mr. Mann retorted that he thought not, but instead would presently be complaining that with the salary attaching he could not afford to live in Madrid, adding, "Just as soon as one of these gentlemen is appointed to one of these positions, as a rule before he takes the oath of office he announces to an expectant world that he cannot afford to live on the salary; and I

have sometimes wondered why they tried to, why they were so anxious to get the office, if they are to complain so soon that congress did not provide a higher salary, a fancy home to live in, or something of that sort." Before finally subsiding, the minority leader gave this last jab at Democratic simplicity and economy: "The first act of the new administration in its relations with European powers is to provide for the raising of a ministry to an embassy at a little more expense and a few more fangdoodles hung on to it. I leave it to the country to settle whether the Democrats got into power, after all, on a false platform." [Applause and laughter on the Republican side.]

Mr. CLAYTON. What is a fangdoodle? I ask for information.

Mr. MANN. I will say this, that the gentleman from Alabama is not a fangdoodle. [Laughter.]

Mr. CLAYTON. I am very glad to know that I am not, and I take it that the gentleman from Illinois likewise cannot be one.

Mr. MANN. There are not any frills on me.

Mr. ADAMSON. Mr. Chairman, the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Mann] is troubled to understand what the gentleman from Virginia [Mr. Flood] means about the matter of precedence. In order to understand it he has only to recollect the difference between a member of the house and a senator. All good members of the house want to be senators, and all of the best senators are those who have been trained here in the house.

Mr. MANN. Mr. Chairman, is this the first time the gentleman from Georgia has announced his candidacy for the senate? [Laughter.]

Mr. ADAMSON. Oh no; and I am not announcing it at all.

Mr. MANN. The gentleman is intimating an announcement of it, or he is making an error of statement.

Mr. ADAMSON. If the gentleman from Illinois will just recollect how he cools his heels in the anterooms when he calls at the departments to wait until the senators go in and get all there is to be distributed, he will understand the advantage we will have in having an ambassador at a foreign court instead of a minister to wait and walk behind the ambassadors of all of the other nations.

Mr. MANN. The gentleman from Illinois does not cool his heels waiting on a senator.

Thus, the badinage continued, and, doubtless, to the relief and relaxation of mind of the perspiring representatives. Of course, Mr. Mann was merely talking for political effect. His colleague from Virginia, Mr. Montague, rose with courtly grace to recall the historical relations existing between Spain and this hemisphere, the great part that nation took in the discovery of this New World, the subsequent and constant diminution of her influence on this continent, largely brought about by the aggressive spirit of the people of our own country, as finally evidenced by the Spanish-American war, and to urge that it were a most ungracious, if not a very arbitrary, distinction not to accord this proud and sensitive people the request for this ambassadorship. The bill authorizing the embassy was passed.

EXAMPLE OF FREAK LEGISLATION

Doubtless, that California assemblyman from the Los Angeles district who introduced a bill seeking to have the state pay all the nomination expenses of candidates for office will take heart since Gov. Baldwin of Connecticut, at the recent conference of governors at Colorado Springs, introduced a similar proposal. The Nutmeg state executive would have the state pay for printing and distributing ballots, traveling expenses of the candidates and speakers in their behalf, and expenses incidental to their election. Commenting on which cheerful idiocy the St. Paul Pioneer Press thinks the program outlined would be bad enough if it were urged on behalf of those who have been regularly nominated by party or petition, but to hold out such a lure to political aspirants would mean a horde of candidates for nomination such as would stagger the voters.

Precisely so. That was our contention when the Los Angeles member's bill was introduced last winter. We agree that it is the right of every citizen to aspire to office and that poverty is a handicap that should not be a perennial bar to one's ambition, but we have found that a really able man whose fitness for a particular office is unquestioned need not spend much money in convincing his fellow citizens of the fact. It is probably a good thing that would-be office-

holders are deterred from trying their luck by the thought of the cost of the experiment; remove that obstacle and the good Lord deliver us from the inundation that would follow.

Instead of a four foot primary election sheet the ballots would have to be on rollers to allow for the expanse of names. As for the expense to the state it would swamp the treasury. No matter how limited the amount allowed each candidate there could be no limit to the numbers and where the cost was guaranteed who wouldn't have a try? Gov. Baldwin's proposal belongs in the freak legislation class. It is like many more similar efforts of sincere reformers—well-meaning, but utterly impracticable.

WHEN CHAPERONS ARE SUPERFLUOUS

SAN MATEO has a school principal who is worried because his pupils—boys and girls—have evinced a penchant for moonlight strolls. He cannot interdict the moonlight so he has placed a ban on the stroll—unless the young people are accompanied by a chaperon. We wonder if the high school principal of San Mateo has ever read that idyl of De Maupassant's entitled "Moonlight" in which the good cure worried by the absence of his niece, following the evening meal, on the occasion of her third disappearance steps out into a night of dazzling whiteness, whose beneficent beauty presently floods his heart and permeates his brain.

Charmed by the idyllic beauty of the night he winds his way toward the river, forgetful of his quest, and suddenly he sees upon the bank, arms locked lovingly about each other his missing niece and a young man. By this time all his wrath has vanished. The scolding that he had mentally stored for the girl has been dissipated by the glories of that perfect night and like a revelation from heaven it is borne in upon his soul that the moonlight was made for lovers. Humbly and silently he withdraws from the river and returns home more than ever imbued with a sense of the marvelous works of God and His wonderful prescience.

We respectfully contend that moonlight at San Mateo, to be thoroughly appreciated, needs to be observed by twos and never by threes. A murrain seize these interloping chaperons! How agonizing to be within arm's reach of the Only One and yet be denied the reach because of the presence of a discourager of mutual confidences. We begin to question the qualifications of that San Mateo school principal for his official position. If he is so ignorant of human nature as to suppose he can counteract the drawing powers of a full moon by interposing a foreign substance he is certainly unfitted to guide plastic minds in other directions. Moonlight is a God-given attribute of nature whose charms are far too subtle for any pedagogue to dispel. Chaperons, indeed!

GRAPHITES

Now Caminetti feels the pinch and on the verdict waiting,
May chew reflection's bitter cud on all his sordid matting;
The pace too swift must peter out and end in dismal scandal,
Illicit love that fiercely glows is seldom worth the candle.

New brooms sweep clean. San Diego's recently appointed addition to the superior bench, Judge Andrews, named by the governor, has formulated a set of rules to check the verbosity of lawyers. He little knows what a colossal task lies before him.

McLoughlin has reached the acme of modern fame. He has been captured by the "movies" and will be reproduced "in action" for all the country to see. That is much preferable to having a five-cent cigar named in his honor.

Mrs. Littlefinger, the midget wife of the midget major, is the mother of a baby girl, born in Seattle today. If the major, who is in ill-health, should die, it will be correct to speak of the baby as the widow's mite.

Col. "Bill" Cody is to take the reigning prince of Monaco and owner of Monte Carlo on a hunting expedition in the Rocky Mountains. But there are no "tigers" to buck in that region, as Cody well knows.

Idea in "The Americans" Atones for Weakness--By Randolph Bartlett

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, in his latest bit of literary philosophy, the preface to his comedy, "The Divine Gift," says of the greater part of the modern literary drama, first that it is not drama, second that it is not literature, third that it is neither literature nor drama. This is not half so clever as it sounds. Pretty nearly any good newspaper hack will dash off a half dozen or so of things as good as that while you wait, and think nothing of it. This is the offhand, superficial method of dodging ideas. Ideas are flying thick and fast these days, and he who would live along in smug comfort has a much better time sitting back and saying smart things like this one of Henry Arthur's, than in facing the ideas full front and grappling with them. There is a deal too much cavil about the form, and a deal too little about the content. All of which is preparatory to the remark that I would much enjoy indulging in a sarcastic and erudite literary criticism of Edwin Schoonmaker's drama, "The Americans," as I am rather good at that sort of thing, and it is a gratifying thing to do, for in proportion to the humiliation of the work criticized there is a corresponding exaltation of the critic, in his own mind at least. I can prove to you that Schoonmaker is guilty on all three of the Henry Arthur counts, and, from the literary viewpoint, should be hanged, drawn and quartered, cremated, shot at sunrise and excommunicated from the glorious profession of *belles lettres*. I can do this, but as this department is dedicated, not to *belles lettres* but to the Drama of Ideas, I refrain.

Moreover, did I so far forget myself as to indulge in this bit of self-exaltation at the expense of the Shoonover drama, I should pass a most uncomfortable week, for I certainly should be haunted. To treat "The Americans" merely as a work of art would be simply silly, and the person who does so deserves to be haunted perpetually by the living spirit of a great idea, for it is an idea that none can escape. It is of secondary importance that Schoonmaker has written a play which cannot possibly be staged in its present form, that he mixes his metaphors--horribly at times--that his blank verse, to paraphrase Henry Arthur, is often neither blank nor verse. What is of importance is that this man has written a real drama of real people, and has not overshot himself when he entitled it "The Americans" and announced that it was designed to give an adequate representation of the industrial conflict now raging.

At the outset it would be well to reassure the capitalist sympathizers and the individualists, that Schoonover does not make common cause with labor unionism, nor treat it as the solution of the problems; also it would be well to reassure the labor union sympathizers that he does not make common cause with individualism, and look in that direction for his Utopia. His idea is bigger than either. It is Freedom.

The play deals with a community of the northwest, the life of which centers about a great lumber industry organized by a great capitalist, J. Donald Egerton. In selecting the people of the play the author has exercised remarkable insight into types. Egerton is not merely a man who has made great sums of money. He represents the industrial leader with a vision, with imagination. Into his scheme of things the men who are necessary to its working out, do not appear as human entities at all. It is only the consummation of which he thinks, and to all else he is callous. He is working out a symphony in pine and simply will not hear anything which is not in harmony. To him all else is nonexistent. He is a type. His partner, Augustus Jergens, is the direct antithesis. To him is left the dirty work of running the mills at the minimum of expense and the maximum of profit. He lives, moves and has his being in dividends. He is type. Egerton has three children. His son Harry is the central figure of the drama, the one who enunciates the call to freedom. Harry has worked in his father's mill, has learned the oppressive methods of Jergens, and dreams of better things. He is a prophet and so cannot be a type. Egerton's other children, George and Gladys, are simply children of a rich man, selfish and rather ignorant. They are types. Sam Williams, leader of the strikers, is typical of the best element of labor unionism, aiming at permanent results for the many rather than temporary advantage for the few.

Contrasted with him are the notorious types, the union agitators and walking delegates, Wes Dicey and his hirelings, to whom the disruption of the union means the loss of their livelihood, yet who will deal secretly with the employers for the betrayal of the union for their own profit. Parallel with them are the parasites of capital, the politician, represented by Governor Braddock and the commander of the militia, General Chadbourne, the commercialized minister, represented by Bishop Hardbrooke, and the

venerable editor Ardsley, all excellent and easily recognized types. There is Egerton's wife, torn between her devotion to her husband, whose finer qualities she alone can see with an unselfish eye, and her sympathy with the dreams and aspirations of her son Harry. There is Sylvia Orr, a friend of Mrs. Egerton, a woman who can understand big men and big things--also a fine type of the better sort of American woman, with all her commercial unscrupulousness. The last of the characters is a citizen of the world, a spectator, perhaps an impersonation of the spirit of the west, in Harvey Anderson, described in the list as former cowboy and Rough Rider, but much more than either. He is the philosopher of the open air, and one is sorry to be forced to admit that his kind is so scarce that he can hardly be designated as a type. So much for the characters--an interesting array all will agree. How about the story?

There is a strike on in Foreston, Egerton's lumber center, caused partly by the action of Jergens in cutting the wages of the men, and partly by the men in demanding that guards be placed upon the saws to protect their lives. Things reach a crisis. The men cannot hold out much longer, and the unbeaten Egerton presents his ultimatum. The men are leaving the town rather than capitulate, and Harry Egerton comes upon a group of them on the side of a mountain, and tries to persuade them to stay and fight his father to a finish. They believe he is his father's spy and refuse to listen to him. Here he meets Harvey Anderson, the roamer, who is one of several men who have been engaged by Egerton to hunt for a lost mine. The pride of country has been voiced in many ways, but in few more simple and direct than the words of Anderson, as he talks with Harry of the vague unrest that is stirring the nation:

HARVEY ANDERSON: I'm tramping round, today one place,
Tomorrow another. I'm a rolling stone.
I never have been one to keep the trails.
Just knock about the states and watch the plains
For something—I don't know—and yet 'twill come,
And when she comes she'll shake her good and hard.
I don't know what you're rolling in your mind,
But, as you say, it's a great land we've got.
I like to lie and feel her under my back
And know she tumbles to the double seas
Up to her hips in mile on mile of wheat.
Beyond that moon are cities packed with men
That overflow. The fields are filling up.
They're climbing up the mountains of the West—

HARRY EGERTON: And going on beyond them.

HARVEY ANDERSON: It's all right.
They'll reach the coast off there or reach the ice.
And then they'll have to turn or jump on off.
And they won't jump off. It's too fine a land.
Men throw away the hoofs but not the haunch.
I sometimes see them in the dead of night
Crawling like ants along her big broad back,
With axe and pick and plow, building their hills
And pushing on and on. It's a great land.
And bread tastes good that's eaten in her air.
And there's enough for all here—

HARRY EGERTON: Yes, ah, yes!
HARVEY ANDERSON: If we could just turn
something upside down.

I don't know what you've heard along the waste,
But when you think it's time to ring a change,
And when you draft your men and call the roll,
Write Harvey Anderson up near the top.
And here's my hand, pard. You can count on me.

Harry is left alone there on the mountain, and he falls asleep. He has a dream vision of his father's new mansion, just completed, the walls of which have been frescoed with a pictorial epic of timber, showing the virgin forests, the men at work in the woods and in the mill, all life size. In a fantastic picture these figures come to life and voice the eternal plea of the toiler. It is a little vague and shadowy, as are all dreams, but the burden of the cry is that these beings having made Egerton what he had become, they now demand that he raise them from their enslaved condition. The governor pleads with them to regard the laws, to which they reply that it was Egerton who made the laws; the bishop invokes the name of the Carpenter, but is shouted down as a whitened sepulchre and a rich man's friend; the figures call for release from the spell of impotence which has been cast upon them, and discover they have the power to free themselves. They do so, and there follows a clash which is rather chaotic, and Harry awakes, discovering that he has been sleeping beside the mark of the lost mine, and that he now possesses resources to carry out his plans for the emancipation of the men.

The second act is rather incoherent and certainly is badly constructed, so far as the telling of the story is concerned. It is a strike scene, the militia guarding the Egerton mill, holding it while a party of strikebreakers is expected at any time. Meanwhile, Egerton has issued his ultimatum, through Jergens, that the strikers must return to work that day or be

locked out permanently, and must return on his terms. In the interim, preparations are going on for the formal opening of the big mansion, which was seen in Harry's dream, and to which all the notables of the vicinity have been invited. The story drags until the last of the act when the workmen appear and hear arguments pro and con as to returning to work. Sam Williams insists that to give in would be to destroy the union, and that is the aim of Egerton, and it would not merely be a defeat for the time, but would make any future victory almost impossible. Dicey, the professional labor union agitator, is for going back to work, and his humanitarian talk is extremely glib, but it is Anderson, the Wanderer, who inspires the men to continue their struggle. Harry Egerton, his determination and enthusiasm renewed by the possession of the mine, yet refusing to bribe the men into doing the thing which is for their own interests by telling them of his discovery and the plan of devoting it to their cause, arrives in time to convince the men that not only their own manhood but the future of their class depends upon remaining true to the thing which they know is right. So the strike goes on, the son being the leader in the defeat of the father.

With the acts overlapping in progress of time, the third division shows the scene at the Egerton home, and the capitalist with a vision explaining the decorative scheme of his house, in which he has "coined the spirit" of his industry. To her friend Mrs. Orr, Mrs. Egerton confides that these frescoes have been too real for herself and Harry. They have heard a whispering and sighing from the walls—their house has been built upon the lives of men. While Egerton enjoys his triumph publicly before his noted guests, and Mrs. Egerton voices her misgivings and unhappiness to her friend, word comes that there is trouble at the mill and the news of Harry's victory with the men throws consternation into the assemblage. Scenting a storm, all depart, leaving the family alone. Harry comes, and finally has it out with his father. The previous acts have been devoted almost exclusively to a statement of the situation. Now the idea itself approaches. In six years there have been three strikes, costing thousands of dollars in losses. If such losses had been due to ill management or defective machinery, the fault would have been remedied. So says Harry, and insists that his father does not know how completely Jergens is to blame for the troubles which have arisen. He pleads for his father to give him control of the business, in the interest of peace:

And let us see, my father, you and I,
If we can't make that place of work down there
As famous for its harmony as this house.
A land is not its timber but its people,
And not its Art, my father, but its men.
Let's try to make this town a place of peace
And helpfulness. What do you say, my father?

As Egerton hesitates, word comes that the town is celebrating the discovery of the mine, and Egerton, who had regarded the mine as his property, is angry when he learns that his son has taken possession for himself. Harry continues his plea, offers to buy out his father at twice the value of the mill, but the elder man is now aroused, and he declares open war upon the workmen.

In the fourth act Harry and the Workmen have seized the mill which its owner would neither sell nor operate, but had ordered closed for a year. The militia men have remembered that they are themselves sons of working men, and have gone over almost solid to the cause of the strikers. The town is with them too, and they are about to dedicate the mill to industrial freedom. Even unionism is forgotten. This does not suit the professional agitators, but to their objections Sam Williams says that the union was simply an army for time of war, and now that peace has come it is disbanded. The people as a whole are with the workers too, and it is arranged, with the departure of the militia for home, that in case of need the blast of a bugle is to be the signal at which help will come to protect what is to be known as "The Living Mill" from its enemies. Harry has made a will in which he leaves the mine and all his property to the cause for which he has fought. This displeases Dicey and the other selfish agitators, who demand that all wealth shall be divided equally at once. Harry's principle, however, is not to enrich men by gifts, but to enrich them by opportunity for free work. So after he has seemingly won the day, one of these malcontents sneaks up behind him and strikes him down with a heavy iron bar.

In the last act Harry, near death, is being nursed by his mother and Anderson. He is not expected to live, and his father has been summoned to bring specialists in a last attempt to save him. Harry is in a cabin near his mine. The father arrives too late,

and he and two strangers who are with him are left alone with Anderson, custodian of the will. They unexpectedly turn upon him, handcuff him, and start away. There are shots, and a friend of Anderson's rushes in, having rescued the precious document, although fatally wounded, and with his last breath blows a blast upon the ready bugle, while as he dies the sound is heard repeated farther and farther away as it is relayed to the town, the call to arms to defend the principle of the freedom of labor.

This is only a suggestion of the framework upon which this big work has been constructed. It is so big that it could not be done briefly, and while it does not crystallize like Galsworthy's "Strife," it goes further than that brief drama of labor and capital at war. It is notable that it is pacific rather than inflammatory, the accusations not incendiary but always deliberate. There is no field of speculation so broad as that which concerns the relations of the workers and the employers, and this is one of the most interesting works of this nature, because it is entirely free from propaganda, so far as any of the present movements are concerned. It has a big idea of its own, however, which is partly prophetic, partly suggestive. Its faults pale before its strength. ("The Americans," by Edwin Davies Schoonmaker. Mitchell Kennerley.)

SOCIETY TO PERPETUATE THE MARIONETTE

Of recent organization is the Marionette Society of New York City. Its charter members are well known people in the fields of education, literature, social work, art and the drama, among whom are Daniel Frohman, David Belasco, Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett, Dr. Luther Gulick, John Collier, Frederick Howe, Will Irwin, Jules Guerin, Norman Hapgood. The general purpose of the society is to make a collection of the literature of marionettes and dolls, to arouse in America a new interest in them, to try experiments looking toward the adaptation of marionettes to the conditions of amusement and education that are characteristic of this country and, finally, to get commercial enterprise interested in their theatrical possibilities. Many members of the society have studied the influence of marionette shows abroad and believe that there is great opportunity in this country for their development, for they are admirably suited for use in schools and playgrounds, as well as in theaters and art exhibitions. The society believes that there is bound to come a reaction in this country from the present realistic type of drama; that there is already a demand for conventional symbolism, that marionettes can be used to satisfy this craving and that through them will be built up a play convention that will affect materially the development of the drama. They expect to go about their work in various ways. The most obvious and direct ways will be to introduce one or two marionette shows professionally on a vaudeville circuit, and to revive in the Italian districts the shows that used to be given with such success on Elizabeth and Mulberry streets. The society further purposes to offer prizes for the best adaptations of legends, folk tales and myths to the use of marionettes and also to hold exhibitions of marionettes with a view to stimulating an interest in the making of scenery, costumes and the dolls themselves. There are certainly great artistic possibilities where the scale is so small that an artist can be scene-painter, costumer, playwright and actor all at once.

* * *

The marionette is as old as the theater itself. In Ceylon it was used religiously two thousand years ago and it still preserves there the rites that made up the religious life of that time. In Egypt marionette theaters are still dug up in which gods and goddesses played their part in legends that still appeal to the world's fancy. The Greeks and the Romans had their traveling marionette shows. In the middle ages almost every country had its marionettes. If they had been preserved they would furnish a picture of the times that we could get in almost no other way. The Italian show has survived longer perhaps than the others. There used to be five of these in New York City, but gradually, with the encroachment of the moving picture show, they have disappeared until only one remains and this will soon go if something is not done to preserve it. An institution that has played so important a part in the world's amusements must have something of the universal in it and indeed the instinct that made for the development of marionettes is only that play instinct that is seen in every child who pretends with dolls. For this reason the educational value of them in the schools might be made very remarkable. It would certainly be a much more interesting way to teach history to have the children themselves make historical characters with costumes historically correct, and then put them through the scenes in which they actually lived. They would gain a vital impression that they could never get from the mere studying of printed pages unenlivened by the suggestion of

reality. The child who now hates history might find that he had not only a real love for history but a genuine gift for making the dolls. The beauty of the marionette is that it can be made of any size, and be dressed in any way. It can be serious and it can be funny. It can stimulate the imagination, and that, above everything else, is what our present day stage needs.

* * *

Not only is legitimate drama doing everything it can to kill imagination but the moving picture shows that attract so many thousands every day allow the imagination to play no part. Marionettes appeal to the imagination and as any one can make them and anyone can dance them and any one can recite the accompanying verses or dialogue they have great possibilities. The settlement worker and those who are interested in children's education see this. They can be set up in parks and in recreation centers and be used not only for the recreation of the children but as an attraction for the grown up alien. We are always seeking a way to bring aliens together and give them a common interest. This is one way. And, further, we must realize that the amusement is by no means necessarily a crude thing, fit only for the amusement of children and peasants. When we reflect that Goethe praised them as an art medium and that Maeterlinck wrote his dramas with the express object of having them performed by marionettes, saying that human players could not present them truly, and that such men as Gordon Craig and Bernard Shaw are seriously taking up their development we may realize that the society founded in New York has a good work ahead of it. May it live long and prosper.

ANNE PAGE
New York, September 9, 1913.

TRAIL OF THE SERPENT

WHETHER or not the San Francisco Chronicle can succeed to the subscription list of the late San Francisco Morning Call, willy nilly, on the part of the former readers of the defunct daily, is a moot question. Stockton papers are combating the notion and urging the Call contingent to look coldly upon the proposed transference of patronage, bestowing, instead, all favors upon the home publications. This, however, is not a likely procedure. Excellently edited as are the Stockton dailies, they have neither the news facilities nor the income to compete successfully with the San Francisco papers.

Besides, there is the new Evening Call to be considered, of which Mr. F. W. Kellogg, of Altadena, assures us that he owns eighty per cent of the stock. With a view to setting at rest certain rumors, more or less definite, he makes this statement: "The Call will be owned and published by F. W. Kellogg and John D. Spreckels. Mr. Kellogg, who owns eighty per cent of the stock of the newspaper, will be president and publisher, while Mr. Spreckels, who owns the remaining twenty per cent interest, will be vice president and treasurer. There are no other interests or individuals concerned in the ownership of the paper, and the actual management and direction of the Call will be in the hands of Mr. Kellogg."

This is emphatic enough and yet—and yet. Perhaps, the Fresno Republican's way of looking at it will convey the dilemma. In a recent issue it is said:

Looking at the editorial page of the new San Francisco Evening Call, with its editorials all copyrighted by a company in which William Randolph Hearst owns all the stock, with its features and cartoons all from the Hearst syndicate; with its telegraphic news all from the Hearst service, and with its local news gathered under the supervision of men until last week openly in Hearst's employ—one is tempted to recall the exclamation of a Kentucky expert, who, sampling the dry-town "cold tea," said: "It looks like whiskey, it smells like whiskey, it tastes like whiskey, and —— it IS whiskey!"

Having a high respect for Mr. Kellogg's newspaper judgment it is difficult to believe that he deliberately invested hard cash in a city that is under heavy labor to support the papers already in the field. Ready money is none too plentiful in the northern metropolis and with a prospective tremendous bond burden to carry in the event of the building of the Hetch Hetchy waterworks system and the financing of the fair the merchants are not likely to take kindly to another daily paper. Besides, the Hearst trail is so obvious! Mr. Kellogg may own the stock, but what does it represent?



Port Collectorship Is Settled

Now that my friend Jack Elliott has succeeded my friend Corney Pendleton as collector of the port, I can only suggest as consolation to the forcibly removed official that proverb which has to do with the inevitably violent death of those who live by violence. Pendleton, so far as anyone knows hereabouts, has been an efficient official, but I think he himself would not go so far as to hold that he did not get the place originally by reason of his strong political affiliations. The alignments have changed, and Elliott now has the call. While not actively in politics he has always been closely in touch with the politicians, especially those whose word goes far in these days. The antipathy of the Times toward Elliott, of course, dates back to the time when he was managing editor of the Tribune, and published the wireless exposure of General Otis' ownership of the Herald while that worthy was so busy denying it. For this he could not be forgiven, although when he was Associated Press manager here he was on the pleasantest terms with the general and his officers. The Times opposition did not do him a bit of harm in Washington, as a matter of course—and in fact it may have helped.

Wise Frank Carlisle

Frank J. Carlisle is home from Europe, after an absence of more than six months, which is a reminder that when Carlisle was general manager of the Express, that property was earning delightful dividends that have fallen off about 80 per cent since he retired, due to his disagreement with the chief owners respecting the desirability of starting the Tribune in which he declined to become interested. Fortunately, he disposed of his Express stock at a good figure before the slump came. Mr. Earl lost a first class manager in Frank Carlisle.

Not to be Cajoled

Sam Blythe, a visitor in the city for a week, had one curious experience "in our midst." A certain evening paper asked for an interview, which Blythe was willing enough to concede, for he is thoroughly alive to the advantage of publicity. But when it was suggested to the canny Samuel that he write the story himself, he retorted that he would gladly do so, at the rate of \$500 a column, which is his customary price, he declared, for such services. The reporter who was sent to get the Blythe copy had a spasm when Samivel returned his ultimatum. When Charley Van Loan heard of the incident he recalled that when Irvin S. Cobb was in Los Angeles several months ago, he also was asked by the same paper to write a column with his name featured at the top, and he had complied, after remarking that the nerve of the request was worth the trouble involved.

Five Thousand Miles by Water

Writing from Schonbrunn, on the way to Buda Pesth, Col. "Billy" Garland notes that he and his party have motored thus far about 5000 miles in Europe and in the British Isles—all of them of delightful memory. He declares that Vienna is the most beautiful city in Europe, but adds that life in Europe only accentuates his satisfaction in being an American citizen and particularly of California. together with the hope of returning here next month. They have run across a number of Los Angelans, en route, and at Geneva had a visit with Alden Skinner and his wife.

Corona Track a Failure

After spending \$72,000 on a circular track for road racing, Corona has a white elephant on its hands, according to the automobile experts. The Admission Day races proved the track to be a failure, not because no person was killed outright in view of the spectators, although this naturally detracted from the promised "thrills," but because it cannot be a fast track. Being a complete circle of a little less than three miles, there is a steady strain upon the tires of the cars from the centrifugal force developed at such a high rate of speed. This necessitates frequent changes, and prevents distance records from being broken. Also, the incessant pull keeps the car from making its normal speed even while its tires are in good condition. It is freely predicted that there will

be no more big speed events at Corona on this account, for unless a track can establish a record either for breaking records or breaking heads, it cannot draw the crowds. Corona has failed in both, despite the endeavors of the automobile writers to conceal the fact beneath many words.

"God's Masterpiece" Retouched

I was rather shocked to see in the papers published by Brother Tobias an advertisement of a fat-reducing nostrum, of which the chief feature was a picture of the musical comedy actress, Texas Guinan, inscribed "God's Masterpiece." From a reading of the announcement it appears that Miss Guinan, modestly describing herself at "America's youngest and greatest star," discovered that "God's masterpiece" was rather overweight, and simultaneously hit upon a means of rectifying the error of her creator. So delighted was she in learning the secret of painting the lily, of perfecting perfection, that, according to the advertisement, she decided to give this secret freely to all her sisters who were desirous of reaching her point of pulchritudinous supremacy. Of course, however, she did not give it freely, by way of public print, but would do so upon application. Miss Guinan is a theatrical star, if heading second or third-rate musical comedies entitles her to the distinction, and I hope that she will be no less successful in this beneficent work she has undertaken.

Dr. McArthur at the Glaciers

It is a tempting invitation that Dr. W. T. McArthur extends to me from the Glacier National Park where he and Mrs. McArthur and Miss Elizabeth are having a glorious outing. "Close shop and come up here with me," he writes; "having a dandy time and living in a tepee with the Blackfeet Indians." I have hobnobbed with the Sioux, with the Cheyennes, the Crows, the Rees, the Hopis, Navajoies, Apaches, and Ute Indians, but unlike Brother Schultz who knew the tribe intimately, I have yet to eat salt with the Blackfeet. Sorry I am that I cannot wing northward to the doctor. He adds: "The glaciers are colder than usual and seem inclined to slip under my weight. Expect to go duck-hunting in about a week." Lucky doctor. Why did I elect to become a newspaper man instead of entering the medical profession when the choice of careers was presented. How neatly I could carve my esteemed enemies by this time.

Belated Obituary Notice

I am measurably interested in the Who's Who department of the esteemed Sunday Times magazine section, for occasionally I light upon the biography of a personal friend like Johnny Mott which repays me for weeks of chaff hunting. Last Sabbath the subjects were so scarce that the editor of that department was forced to rob the mortuary files of the paper for copy. Apparently, the fact that James Dix Schuyler has been dead these many months did not disturb the serenity of the Who's Whoer man. Never once did he refer to this episode in the career of the defunct engineer but in well selected phrases praised the high accomplishments of his subject whose ability to solve great engineering problems he extolled in words that I am sure would have been pleasant reading to the late lamented Mr. Schuyler. I would suggest that the managing editor cast his eagle eye over these eulogiums in future before the forms go to press.

How to be a Shining Jurist

From San Francisco a correspondent writes me that a certain aspirant for United States Judge in a position not yet created, recently wrote an influential Democratic leader of that city soliciting his support, and reciting among other qualifications the fact that he is one of the very best known lay Baptists in Southern California; also, that he is a Mason in good standing and a member of the Mystic Shrine. As the San Francisco man who received the letter is one of the most eminent members in the state of the Knights of Columbus, he replied that while he did not usually inject such things into politics, he would suggest that the Los Angeles man join the last named order, as that would make him a judicial luminary par excellence. His other qualifications mentioned were good enough so far as they went, he thought.

Another Notch in General's Gun

I wonder if General Otis will file another notch in his gun upon receiving the announcement that Bethlehem Institute will go out of existence as a separate organization at an early date. The general's antipathy for Bethlehem dates back several years to the accidental discovery by one of his bright young men that certain socialistic literature was continually kept on the reading table. At once, it became a hotbed of sedition to the militant publisher, and he never has had a good word to say for it since. That there has been bad management at Bethlehem none will attempt to deny, still there is much need for an insti-

tution conducted upon the lines which were originally drawn for this one. That it is a breeding ground for agitators is a ridiculous charge, however, the fact being that many of the nationalities which are represented in this little community are deeply interested in sociological problems, and study the latest thought along these lines with an avidity which is difficult for the average American laborer to comprehend. Reorganize Bethlehem by all means, but let us not lose its valuable aid in assimilating the foreigners.

School Board Is Depleted

Joseph Scott writes from England that he will not be home for another two months. Herman Frank, another member of the board of education, is due to return in about three weeks. Joe has won his way to deserved prominence in the legal profession and has a suite of offices occupying half a floor in George Black's handsome new building. I am told that Joe's practice yields him an income of from \$25,000 to \$40,000 a year. This in spite of the excoriations the esteemed Times never fails to mete out whenever the opportunity presents because of his professional services in the McNamara cases.

Good For the Jonathans

Jonathan Land evidently is to be a permanency since the club's first outdoor summer festival proved a pronounced success. I hear that a plot of ground sufficient for the purpose has been practically acquired, back of San Bernardino, with the next year's jinks to be the most ambitious effort of the kind ever attempted down here. The club is to specialize, among other features, an outdoor oratorio, with a sermon by a clerical guest of the prominence of Bishop Conaty or Bishop Johnson. The festivities this year were a success in every way, with an attendance of about 300, and with receipts more than offsetting the expenditures. Hancock Banning who was selected first King Jonathan, is to reign for a twelvemonth. Oliver Morosco will be asked to stage the club's second affair, with Paul Armstrong and Ferdinand Gottschalk as chief purveyors of book and music.

How to Stop Your Paper

All who have wondered how to get newspapers to stop delivering a paper for which a one-month subscription has been given, to get rid of a pestering contest canvasser, might take a hint from the following telephone conversation, of a friend of mine who was in a similar quandary. Ringing up the circulation department he asked: "What formality is necessary to get you to stop your paper?" He added: "I don't want it and never did. I subscribed for it to purchase one month's immunity from your professional mendicants while your contest is going on. I told the man all I wanted was the receipt to show to his fellow beggars and please not to send the paper. I never have unrolled it and it has been thrown into the trash barrel every night. I have asked the boy to stop bringing it as the month is up, and I have telephoned to you likewise. What else is necessary to do?" The paper was stopped. This may give an idea of the value of the padded circulation statements following these pestiferous contests.

Betting and Gambling

Two men made a wager on the result of a game of baseball at Washington Park recently, and were arrested and fined. Yet there continues the flock of youths, and others not so youthful, daily around the cigar stands, where they not merely make one wager, but continue pouring their wages into the dice box in the futile effort to "beat the game." Verily, our puritanism has strange limitations. I wonder why it is that of the ministers who are so quick to lead the reform forces on almost any occasion, none has seen fit to make any remarks about this cigar stand and pennant gambling.

Case of Inferior Intellect

Scene—an elevator in the Title Insurance and Trust Building. The elevator stopped at the fourth floor to let a passenger out, and a man in the corridor approached and in a slight German accent made an inquiry of the elevator operator. "One floor down. Naw, you can't take this elevator" as the inquirer started to enter the door. Then as the car shot upward again the painstaking youth unburdened himself to the only other occupant of his car, thus: "Gee, these blankety blank guys make me tired. Ignorant! They're the limit." The "ignoramus" in question, the confidant of the elevator boy happened to know, was a Heidelberg doctor of philosophy!

"In the Room Beyond"

Strange reports reach my ears from Cafe Bristol where the bankers' table, architects' location and a dozen other combinations have been familiar objects for fifteen years or more. It is alleged that certain dignitaries from the men's grill have been noted, quietly picking their way into the general cafe to

find seats, since the introduction of a big cabaret company which has brought back old Bristol days, with all their crowds and enjoyable atmosphere. Among those who have taken the "other" door recently is Will E. Chapin, the artist. When discovered he laid claims to waiting for a certain operatic selection only. It is true that a pretty and lively ingenue was doing a decidedly syncopated selection at the time, but as a remarkably effective operatic song followed, it may be assumed that Chapin and others were there merely for the classics. It must be said that scores of other patrons seem to have no preference as regards the continuous program of numbers rendered by stars, duo singers, ensemble groups, dancers and operatic artists.

Those Who Pay Want a Voice

There is considerable discussion of a movement on the part of property owners to try to have an ordinance passed governing arbitrary assessments for improvements which are ordered from time to time by the city council and which there is almost no means of preventing. The trouble is that no person knows how much an assessment is going to cost him until it is all over and too late to do anything. Also, it is held that if an assessment is to be of benefit to a certain section, those who own the property which is assessed to pay the bills, should be allowed to have the final decision as to whether they want to pay for this improvement or not. As there are no safeguards such scandals as that which followed the Exposition Park affair, and which menaces in the Arroyo proposition, are always possible, and there is no redress. If this is not taxation without representation, it is difficult to place it.

GRAPHICALITIES

Inscrutable are the ways of Providence! Mayor Gaynor of New York is taken and Boss Murphy of Tammany is left!

Up in San Jose an eighteen year old youth has been asleep for more than a month. Quiet town, that.

Already, an office for Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst has been engaged in New York. This is counting chickens before they are hatched. She may never get beyond Ellis Island if the immigration bureau does its full duty.

That eighteen-year-old Oakland applicant for fine clothes and a millionaire should be instructed by Mayor Rolph of San Francisco that the education of minors no longer is a popular pastime with millionaires. Grand juries do not take kindly to the plan.

Germany intimates that if the United States will make certain tariff concessions and remove specific trade restrictions she "will place such an exhibition in San Francisco as America never has beheld before." Sounds like a bribe. Is the game worth the candle?

Our commiserations to "Bill" Joyce of El Molino who aspired to succeed Corney Pendleton as collector of the port of Los Angeles. Jack Elliott, a former newspaper man, seems to have lifted the prize, thereby nosing out that other newspaper aspirant, Lou Guernsey.

Senator N. W. Thompson, Japanese baiter, has been named by Gov. Johnson as chairman of the legislative council bureau whose duty is to draft measures before the legislature meets. It is a weak appointment. Thompson has neither backbone nor the ability requisite.

It cost Charley Gates \$3,046 in railroad fare alone to travel from Minneapolis to New York on two special trains. That young man ought to hire a planet of his own to avoid mixing with the common people. However, if he maintains his present gait the future will take care of his case, reducing the swelling by natural process.

House Leader Underwood was not indulging in vain boasting when he told his colleagues that the tariff bill they voted to send to conference was the first in four decades written by the hands and with the brains of the representatives of the people as against those of the special interests heretofore. The fight has been a magnificent one.

O la, la! Here is John Hays Hammond criticising President Wilson's Mexican policy, asserting that investors of capital in foreign lands must be assured protection in order to be tempted to their fall. Considering his South African experiences these are brave words for our John. Perhaps, he would like to sacrifice all his wife's relatives in the event of intervention with Mexico to insure the safety of his investments there.

September 13, 1913

Music

By W. Francis Gates

It is only an organization like the Gamut Club which could present an impromptu program such as it had at its "September morn" meeting. Adolf Willhartitz opened the ball, followed by Mrs. Pearl Selby in songs by Misses Freeby and Ross and Mr. Grunn, accompaniments played by the composers. The whole group was of unusual interest and Mrs. Selby's contralto made a hit in them. Albert Wallenstein, Miss Sylvia, soprano, and Miss Freeby, pianist, were heard in trio. Wallenstein is a fourteen-year-old cellist who bids fair to become a real artist if he has opportunity and perseverance. He certainly has the interpretive gift. Emma Geletty, announced by President Blanchard to "appear in her original costume," displayed the Aztec raiment and Aztec style of singing, in "Faust" and "Carmen" selections. Miss Broomfield, of San Francisco, sang Strauss and Puccini numbers gracefully and in good tone. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Beall, recently of Rochester and Ithaca, N. Y., earned a strong encore in their duet work and especially in Mrs. Beall's singing of her husband's song, "April," to his accompaniment—to which a less gifted pianist could not do justice. Max Socha and Seward Simon furnished more oratory and the final songs were by Mme. Jung who sang "Freischütz" and Grieg selections in a way that proved her no novice.

At that Gamut meeting Miss Rahme Haider, originally from Baalbee, Syria, recited the Twenty-third Psalm in Arabic, incidental to a short talk. Several members of the club affirmed that its truths never were brought home to them so forcibly as in the mellifluous foreign tongue. I opine they were bewitched by certain dark Syrian eyes.

Mrs. Gertrude Ross passed two weeks last month with Mme. Schuman Heinck, at the latter's San Diego ranch. What with working on the contralto's programs for this season and pleasant excursions with the Heinck family Mrs. Ross reports an unusually pleasant fortnight.

Germans of Los Angeles will hold a German celebration October 5 in which all the local singing societies will combine in one big chorus. Henry Schoenfeld and Siegfried Hagen will be the conductors.

Already Henry Schoenfeld has begun rehearsals with the Woman's Orchestra, preparing this season's concert programs. With Mr. Schoenfeld's ability and experience and the young women's enthusiasm, there may be expected excellent results.

Carl Richter, president of the German Sangerfest organization, and his wife, are making a tour of western cities creating enthusiasm in the big meeting of singing societies to take place here in 1915.

It now develops that there will be no opposition on the part of the management of the Woman's Federated Clubs, which is offering the prize of \$10,000 (raised in and by Los Angeles) to plots which shall be of no more meretricious character than those of "The Pirates of Penance," "The Beggar Student," "Mignon" and "Robin Hood." From a Mrs. Jason Walker comes the

statement that "Los Angeles has a large number of citizens" (yes, one might say several, in fact) and these are proclaimed to be "broad-minded, public-spirited and clean-hearted"—which reminds one, in the matter of hyphenated terms, of the first page of "Between Two Thieves," which, however, in a few chapters develops into a strong and spirited work. It is a pity Mrs. Walker didn't write down to that point, for purposes of comparison. But, be that as it may, it is well that Los Angeles has the endorsement of Chicago and Oshkosh for having "a large number of citizens;" and those being—here use the compound adjectives as above—there will now be hope of attracting Mrs. Walker and her sanctified friends to Los Angeles, thereby adding to the general uplift and Hiram Johnson's adherents. Incidentally, it is to be feared that the several engagements of sacrilegious opera, about eighty performances in all, will be staged at the Auditorium this season as announced.

In connection with a recent article on women's symphony orchestras, Musical America publishes an excellent picture of the Los Angeles Women's Orchestra, with Harley Hamilton conducting, adding, "There is a fine women's symphony orchestra in Los Angeles with Cora Foy in the concertmaster's chair." Evidently the "concertmaster's chair" is the one behind the kettle-drums, over which Mrs. Foy presides with her globular chop-sticks, with metronomic precision and caressing trills. But then, the distance between New York and Los Angeles may cause a drum to look like a fiddle. Mrs. Nehrer gets off easy—she might have been set to playing the drum.

It is a recent Weingartner symphony that calls for the usual strings, with the addition of four flutes, two oboes, alto oboe, hecklephone, four clarinets (one a bass), three bassoons and contra-bassoon, six horns, three trumpets, bass trumpet, bass tuba, four drums, a celesta, four harps. It may be added that this work will not be presented by the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra this season. But why should a man go to the trouble to write music that can be played by only four or five orchestras in the world?

Gamut Club members gave the first president of the club, Adolf Willhartitz, a happy greeting at the club dinner last week. On his chair was a large placard announcing a "Welcome Home" and on the young man's appearance (he is 76), the applause was such that he had to make one of his unique speeches in recognition.

Earl Bright, formerly a member of the Symphony Orchestra, is off to Europe for a year of study in Berlin and Leipzig.

The quartet of St. Vibiana's choir this season is composed of Mrs. F. H. Colby, soprano, Mrs. Gee, alto, Roland Paul, tenor, and Edwin House, bass. Masses by Stewart and Klein are in rehearsal by chorus and quartet, under F. H. Colby.

Music teachers by scores attended their first meeting of the season at the Gamut Club hall last Friday night. Owing to the fact that a program that was educational as well as entertaining was offered, there was the best attendance the teachers' meetings have had. As to music there were songs by

Mrs. Shank, a Mendelssohn quintet by the Bierlich-Menasco-Stamm trio and two of Mr. Tandler's favorite numbers played by the Tandler quartet (Tandler-Kopp-Simonson-Grunn). (N. B.—Mr. Tandler alleges that the statement that he went to sleep in playing his one note in the "Sustained C" quartet was a malicious falsehood).

Incidentally, it was interesting to note that the Mendelssohn work given by the Bierlich trio was played by a trio composed of the same pianist, A. J. Stamm, Emile Seifert and Louis Heine, at Bartlett's Music Hall, 18 West First street, August 29, 1887. One man was mean enough to say that Mr. Stamm had been practicing his part all these intervening twenty-six years to make amends for that first performance. Mr. Stamm has seen several changes in Los Angeles in these years, but his many friends say they see little change in him—just the same jolly, reliable fellow as of yore.

At this teachers' meeting an excellent series of addresses was offered, several impromptu. Vernon Spencer outlined a plan for endowing the People's Orchestra and removing it from any connection with the Teachers' Association, and L. J. Selby seconded the idea in a concise speech. Superintendent of Schools John M. Francis talked briefly on the relation of music to school education, and Alfred Butler read a carefully written paper on the aims of the association, followed by L. E. Behymer in modern oratory on the Los Angeles Musical situation, urging the support of local enterprises.

In his organ recital prelude Wednesday night last, Charles Demorest played the following at Simpson Auditorium: "Song of Triumph," Mathews; "Nocturne," Demorest, and "Fugghetta de Concert," Guilmant.

Five great pianists will visit Los Angeles the coming season: Harold Bauer, Teresa Carreno, Fanny Bloomfield-Ziesler, in November and December, with Josef Hoffman and Ignaz Jan Paderewski in January and February. In addition to these solo pianists, Frank La Forge and Andre Benoist with the Gerhard-Ysaye combination will be heard. Surely, the piano students have a treat waiting them.

Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, will arrive in this country the latter part of this month, journeying westward to the Pacific coast, where his recitals occur in California in October. Mme. Emma Eames, his gifted wife, will accompany him, but will not appear in public recital. He will be heard in Los Angeles October 31. In a recent interview Mme. Eames-Gogorza said, "I have ended my operatic career. I will not sing again in public except at two special performances for charity without pay. One concert for children and the other for animals—the two most helpless things in the world. Why did I determine to give up singing? Because I found that I could not keep up with the hustle and bustle demanded of modern opera stars." Getting domestic in her tastes, perhaps.

Harmonia Club, composed of musical amateurs, with a few professional women, has outlined an interesting series of programs. There is one group of classics, one of American composers, and one of Los Angeles music writers, among whom are found Henry Schoenfeld, Chas. E. Pemberton, Homer Grunn, Morton F. Mason and Fannie Dillon. Among the musicians of the club are Pearl L. Conklin, Willy Smyser, Mrs. Horatio Coggswell, and Mrs. Fred Bacon.

Geraldine Farrar, opening the Philharmonic season here October 9, will be assisted by Alwin Schroeder, who for many years was first 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is one of the best 'cellists in the country.

Ancient Landmark to be Demolished

When the work of dismantling the Assay office begins the New York financial community will recall other associations of the ancient building besides those of an historic character which appeal most strongly to the imagination. It will be recalled as one item that it was the first home of the Bank of the United States in New York. The promised destruction of the old building within a short time to make place for a new assay office has caused bankers to comment on the fact that final material evidence of earliest government financial operations is scheduled to pass away at a time when steps are being taken to remodel our financial system. Those who remembered their history drew parallels between the experiment undertaken by Alexander Hamilton and the efforts now being made by the administration to shape in a new fashion the vast banking machine which grew out of the modest government institution with a capital of \$10,000,000. They recalled what the records had to say of the difficulty Hamilton experienced in persuading congress to sanction the plan, and compared the monetary troubles of that day with the present, much to the advantage of modern conditions it is needless to say.

"Love in a Hurry"

Gelett Burgess' name is always like a sign-post containing a warning that the road beyond is filled with whimsical fancies and a certain comic element, which is not wit, but which is clever enough to cause many a quiet chuckle. In his latest book, "Love in a Hurry," he makes the hero an artistic photographer, whose uncle's will demands that he be married before his twenty-eighth birthday in order to inherit, so Hall Bonistelle proceeds to engage himself to three feminine creations, including a widow of position, but without poise; a self-sustaining and coolly-calculating society woman, who nevertheless is possessed of all the feminine qualities; and a beautiful animal who has posed for his pictures. He has a dreadful time when they all accept him and ends up by marrying his little mouse of a secretary, and they all live happy ever after. The plot amounts to little more than nothing; but its treatment is entertaining, and it deserves a good place among current "light fiction." ("Love in a Hurry." By Gelett Burgess. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Second of the volumes being published by the Century Co. for the Bureau of Social Hygiene will be Abraham Flexner's "Prostitution in Europe," which will be issued this fall. It is based on a year's careful study of conditions abroad. The first of the series, George J. Kneeland's "Commercialized Prostitution in New York City," is in its second printing.

Rowland Thomas' "Fatima," a highly imaginative and colorful romance of Egypt, from which country the author has just returned, will be published by Little, Brown & Co., September 13. Later in the season a new novel by Payne Erskine, "The Eye of Dread," will be published.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 21, 1913.

014048. Non-coal.
NOTICE is hereby given that Charles A. Foose, of Los Angeles, Cal., who, on Oct. 14, 1911, made Homestead entry No. 014048, for SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 20, W $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 21, Lot 2, Sec. 28, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 10th day of September, 1913, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: E. F. Decker, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Fred Vaughan, of Cornell, Cal.; Oscar Keffler, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Eugene Kincaide, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Art

By Everett C. Maxwell

Public and municipal art is a public and municipal educator, and the decoration of public buildings is the most important question in the consideration of our art of the future, just as it always has been in the past of any and every national art from the time of the pyramid builders down. The temples, cathedrals and town halls of the past are the landmarks of the ages. Why, then, if the very names of these old buildings attest their importance, further support the attestation? Because, while the average intelligent American will admit what has just been said, he will forget all about it the moment he is confronted by his concrete problem in this field and by what he calls "the necessities of the situation."

What are the necessities of such a situation? To instance them let us take a well-known town hall as the most representative of possible buildings—say the town hall at Brussels, and in it a room which may be the Salle des Mariages. Now, in a perfectly plain, plastered room, costing very little money, you could marry just as many people a day and shelter them just as well from rain, heat and cold as in a room made charming with decorations, and in a building famous forever for its Gothic loveliness. But is there not something to be said for this latter quality? The man in the street may reply: "After all, it is no wonder that your town halls of Belgium, your Merchants' Exchange of Perugia, your Peoples' Palaces of Siena and Florence were famous for their art. They had nothing but their art to boast of; we, today, could not for a moment tolerate their inconvenience, their lack of telephones and elevators and heat, and in the interest of business today we demand something better. We propose for ourselves infinitely greater convenience of every kind, and shall concentrate ourselves upon that.

Why? If you are already master of the situation as regards convenience, and if at the same time you realize that qualities for which you have relatively little aptitude, have made those old public buildings famous through all time, why do you not give serious thought to your weak points as well as to your strong ones? asks a writer in the current Scribner's.

Cannon School of Art, formerly the California Academy of Fine Arts, under the direction of H. W. Cannon, has moved from the "art floor" of the Copp building to the third floor of the old Masonic Temple building on South Hill street. This studio was used by Maynard Dixon when he painted the mural decorations for the McClaughrey bungalow at Santa Anita. It appears that Mr. Cannon has chosen an ideal location for his rapidly growing academy. The room is long and high and the artificial lighting is so arranged that the students in the night class may sit on all sides of the model and at any distance they may elect. Mr. Cannon's largest class is the evening class that meets from seven to nine. These students are men who are employed at various occupations through the day and whose only opportunity to study from the life model is at night. The eighteen students of the school are now holding an informal exhibition of their late work in the new location. Sketches from life, from the cast, from still life and out-of-door sketches are shown at this time. Three hundred and

fifty studies are hung covering a wide range of subjects. Many mediums are used — charcoal, pen, pencil, pastel, watercolors, and oils. The brush work of Frank Gurhi, a young Japanese student, is worthy special mention. His sketches of nudes painted out-of-doors are direct and vigorous. A study of boats at San Pedro is also of merit and his well-handled flower arrangements are extremely decorative.

William Blackman shows several strong architectural renderings and his nature studies in watercolor are pleasing. Several charcoal drawings of nude figures by Louis Blaizes deserve mention. In connection with the exhibition of students' work are shown several groups of strong studies in oil and red chalk by Mr. Cannon. A group of thirty-two sketches from the brush of Charles A. Rogers is also hung. Martin J. Jackson and Frank Coburn are each represented by well considered landscape renderings. This varied showing closes this week.

The summer painting class of the McBurney Art School in the Walker building, under the direction of James E. McBurney has passed the last six weeks sketching from nature at Laguna Beach. The students are now holding an informal exhibition of their summer's work in the art gallery on the top floor of the Walker building on Grand avenue. There were twenty-one pupils in the class and the walls of the gallery are almost completely covered with sketches. Many of the students who work with Mr. McBurney in the summer months have had no previous instruction and much of the results hung in the present exhibition, while essentially amateurish, show marked ability on the part of the earnest young workers and often real promise of future success is evident in the efforts of some of the more advanced students. Those who deserve special mention at this time are Mabel Alvarez, Irma Hageman, Alpha N. Bigley, Helen Lewis, and Beryl Sams.

September 15 a permanent art gallery is to open at Hotel Alexandria. It will be managed by William Swift Daniell, who has had much experience in this work, and will remain open every day free of charge to the general public. The works of none but painters of established reputation will be shown in the new gallery, and all the exhibitors will be California painters. In all likelihood there will be two weeks' exhibitions of the works of one man, while the paintings of others will be grouped in another part of the gallery. The first one-man show begins September 15. Among the men whose canvasses will be shown here are William Wendt, Benjamin Chalmers Brown, Hanson Puthuff, and Jean Mannheim. The first exhibitor has not yet been decided upon, but he will be one of these mentioned.

From a friend of this department comes the following press clipping concerning the annual poster exhibition which was held in London the early part of August: "America is very badly represented at the exhibition of post impressionist posters and advertising placards that is now open in London. The only strictly American artist whose works figure on the walls is Anne Estelle Rice, and, evidently conscious that one is not enough to represent a continent, the promoters put J. D. Ferguson forward as a rep-



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Ask for list of properties.

This one a sample — others equally strong.

Mortgage B-1101 for \$20,000 divided into 25 notes, fifteen for \$1000 each and ten for \$500 each. The property securing this mortgage is located at S. E. corner of Fourth and Gless Sts., appraised value \$18,000, has several small buildings on it worth \$500, or a total value of \$23,000. The owner is having the small buildings removed back of property and on the front is building a three story building having seven store rooms on ground floor and a Railroad Man's Hotel on the two upper floors. These improvements will cost \$22,000 or completed the property will cost \$45,000 and which is thus mortgaged to secure the \$20,000. These pay 7% interest.

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representative American, saying, though his works are the work of a Scottish artist and art painted in Paris, 'They are commissioned by a New York firm on whose judgment and taste they reflect the highest credit.'" The main object of the exhibition, however, is to show the latest ideas in the way of poster designing now in vogue in Europe, and Frank Rutter, the art expert and organizer of the affair, admits that since the retirement from the hoardings of the brothers Beggerstaff and the deaths of Aubrey Beardsley and of Henry Ospovat, England has had many capable poster artists, but none of outstanding genius.

"However, this post-impressionism is a name to conjure with in the exhibition world. The clever showman realized this long ago. The use of the magic word, however slight the pretext may be, means increased admission fee. It stimulates curiosity even in connection with a poster exhibition, although the sad state of our present-day hoardings unfortunately bears witness to waning public interest and the fact that in poster design, commercialism has ousted art and that after a brief period of triumph the 'Golden Age' of the poster has come to an end. Perhaps, post-impressionism may lead to a revival. The shrewd business man cannot close his eyes to the fact that the chief function of the poster is to attract immediate attention; and the bold simplifications, the often exaggerated emphasis, the very crudities of what has been termed post-impressionism certainly catch the eye, whether you stop to admire or to jeer."

The exhibition of photographic art studies by Edward L. Langsley, now hung in the Royar Gallery on Hill street, is attracting much well-merited attention from local camera enthusiasts and art lovers in general. Mr. Langsley is showing about fifty well selected prints at this time. Among the

The logo for Ville de Paris is a rectangular emblem. At the top, the words "VILLE DE PARIS" are written in a bold, serif font, with "VILLE" on the left and "DE PARIS" on the right. In the center is a circular crest featuring a lion and a unicorn standing on either side of a shield. The shield contains various symbols, including a cross and a river. Below the crest, the words "SO. BROADWAY" are on the left and "SO. HILL STREET" are on the right, both in a smaller serif font.

Marabou

and

Ostrich Neckwear

A new selection now on display. Neckpieces and muffs made from marabou—or ostrich feathers combined with marabou. The neckpieces are shown in scarf effect, finished with large tassels—or in regular stole shape. White and black, white and natural, white and grey are most popular combinations.

most noteworthy of these are "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Horse Shoe," "Sunday Morn," "The Smithy," "Wind Swept," "An Indian Vista," "Sunset Trail," "Spring Shower," "The Medicine Man," "The Fishing Village," and "The Gamblers."

Virginia M. Meyer, author of "Small Talks on Auction Bridge," has a new manual in press for early publication by Paul Elder and Company of San Francisco, entitled "Small Talks on How to Become a Good Card Player." The same house also has in preparation six manuals on popular card games by Mrs. Meyers, the set to be just the size of a pack of cards and to be inclosed in a card case.

Social & Personal

Most of the fashionable weddings of the last few seasons have taken place at St. John's Episcopal Church, and one of the prettiest of these was that which united Miss Alice Cline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter B. Cline of Adams and Figueroa street, to Mr. Stanley W. Guthrie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Guthrie of South Arapahoe street. The ceremony was pronounced Tuesday evening by the Reverend George Davidson, rector of St. John's. A color scheme of pink and green was carried out in the decorations both at the church and at the Cline home. The interior of the edifice was a-blossom with asters and ferns, the path of the bridal party being outlined with masses of the blooms combined with pink tulle. The chancel, rood screen and altar were topped with tulle-tied nosegays. The bride, who entered on the arm of her father, wore an imported robe of embroidered white crepe, trimmed with point lace, and her tulle veil was arranged with a cap effect of the lace, caught with sprays of orange blossoms, while the bridal bouquet was a shower of lilies of the valley with orange blossoms. Miss Frances Richards, who acted as maid of honor, was in rose charmeuse trimmed with real lace, and her dainty bridesmaid's cap was fashioned of the lace and rose-colored ribbons. She carried an armful of Cecile Brunner roses. There were two matrons of honor, Mrs. Stanley A. Visel and Mrs. William W. Stone, and the bridesmaids were Miss Constance Cline and Miss Helene Montague; all were gowned in pink charmeuse with shadow lace bodices. Their short veils were of pink tulle and they carried clusters of pink roses and maidenhair ferns. Mr. Sterling Jeffers acted as best man; the ushers were Messrs. Jordan Stone, William Stone, Stanley A. Visel and Carroll Owen. After the ceremony the bridal party and a few close friends enjoyed supper at the Cline home, where the table was fragrant with pink roses, with hand-painted roses for place cards. Mrs. Guthrie's going away suit was a tailored broadcloth with an orchid-colored hat. The young people are enjoying their honeymoon trip, and at its conclusion plan to make their home at 409 South Harvard boulevard. Monday evening the bridal party was entertained by the bride and the bridegroom with a supper at the Cline home, preceded by a rehearsal at the church. The table was daintily decorated with roses and tulle, and at each place were gifts—hat pins for the girls, and monogrammed cuff links for the men.

This has been a week of weddings in the smart set, and one of the most important was that of Wednesday night, when Miss Emma Conroy, daughter of Mrs. J. S. Conroy of Lankershim, became the wife of Mr. Reginald H. Lloyd-Jones of Montreal, the ceremony taking place at the country home of the Conroys. The living room was beautifully decorated with potted plants and blossoms, and at one end was arranged an altar of green foliage screened with Easter lilies, and with tall altar candles burning in floral holders. The bride was attired in white charmeuse with a drape of tulle, trimmed with real lace, and her tulle veil was arranged with a Juliet cap of lace, caught with orange blossoms. Her bouquet was a cluster of orchids and lilies of the valley. Miss Sally McFarland, maid of honor, was in deep pink charmeuse and shadow lace. She wore a bridesmaid's veil of pink tulle and carried a sheaf of pink roses, while Miss Emmeline Childs

and Miss Laura Pearks, who carried the ribbons which formed the path of the bridal party, were in pink charmeuse of a lighter shade, draped with tulle. Lieutenant-General Adna R. Chaffee gave the bride in marriage, and Mr. Adna R. Chaffee Jr., U. S. A. served Mr. Lloyd-Jones as best man. The Reverend Father Lilly of St. Vincent's Church pronounced the service. An informal reception was held after the ceremony, before the young people slipped away for their wedding trip. A delightful supper was served, the bride's table being decked with rose buds and maidenhair fern. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd-Jones will return here for a visit with Mrs. Conroy and Mrs. Bri Conroy Kelly before going to Montreal, where they will live.

Another interesting wedding was that of Miss Elizabeth Caldwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Caldwell, to Mr. King C. Gillette, which took place Wednesday at high noon at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Beverly Hills. The quaint church was fragrant with pink roses arranged with masses of foliage. The bride was attired in a robe of chiffon and crepe de chine trimmed with point lace, and her veil fell to the hem of her court train. The draperies of the gown as well as the veil were caught with sprays of orange blossoms, and the bridal bouquet was of white orchids and lilies of the valley. Miss Ruth Anderson, the maid of honor was in pink charmeuse draped with lace and embroidered chiffon, and her drooping hat was trimmed with pink and white, while she carried Cecil Brunner roses. Mr. Clarence Mattinson, whose engagement to Miss Anderson was recently announced, acted as best man. The marriage service was read by the Rev. J. Harry Evans, and the Rev. Baker P. Lee pronounced the benediction. A wedding breakfast was enjoyed at the Beverly Hills Hotel, after which the young folks left for a honeymoon trip.

Monday evening Mrs. William Denison Stephens of 1108 West Twenty-seventh street entertained with a box party at the Orpheum followed by supper at the Alexandria, where the table was fragrant with roses. Covers were arranged for Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Barbara Stephens, the latter's fiance, Mr. Randolph Talcott Zane, and Mr. Weston Wilson. Lieutenant Zane has returned to Bremerton after a fortnight's stay in this city.

Miss Virginia Walsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Walsh of Harvard boulevard, has returned from a trip abroad, where she went with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Axton Jones of San Francisco. Mrs. Walsh, who has been ill in San Francisco, where she went for a visit, will return to her home as soon as she can safely travel.

Mrs. J. J. Meyler and her son, Mr. Robert G. Meyler, have left for New York, accompanied by Miss Marguerite Gilroy of New Jersey, who has been their house guest. Mr. Meyler will re-enter Cornell University, and Mrs. Meyler will remain in New York. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Meyler was hostess at a charming informal tea at her home on Severance street, the affair being in the nature of a farewell as well as in compliment to Miss Gilroy.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Martin Haenke have returned from a fortnight's stay in San Francisco.

One prominent local bachelor will enter the ranks of bachelors September

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AND, by far the most of them —are black. Not the somber sort of black hat.

Wide flares of chantilly lace, net and maline—the soft becomingness of rich black velvet—and an unexpectedly vivid rose somewhere.

These make the new "black" hats—unusually attractive.

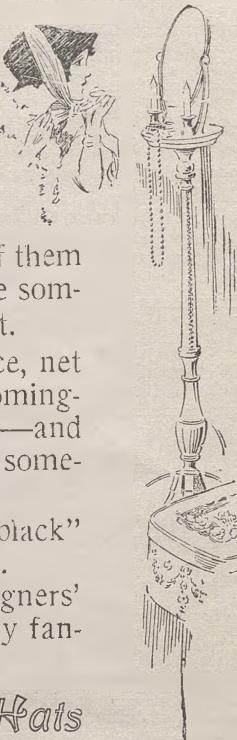
Here are American designers' adaptions of Paris millinery fancies.

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OF velours—in soft Old Blues, corbeau-blues, greens, browns and black.

Easy to pull down; light;—and wonderfully becoming in their soft, velvety colorings.

Just a band of oriental embroideries to trim them!



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Your old ostrich plumes skillfully repaired and made like new at exceedingly small cost—by the "Cawston" Repair service. The most expert feather repairing service available anywhere.

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30, when Mr. George N. Black claims as his bride Miss Florence Kohn of Portland, Ore. Mr. Black is planning a wedding journey abroad, to cover a year's touring.

Mrs. Robert Frank Gross, who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks of West Adams street, has rejoined her husband at San Diego, where he is in command of the Truxton.

Mrs. Edward B. Tufts and her delightful young daughter, Miss Marjorie Tufts, are on their way around the world, having sailed from San Francisco early in the week.

Mrs. John Eldridge Stearns and Miss Katherine Stearns of 27 St. James Park have returned from a trip abroad.

After enjoying several months in the east and abroad, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Foster are once more established in their home on West Twenty-eighth street.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Douglass and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Alexander of the Hershey Arms have returned from a trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Richard are rejoicing in the arrival of a little daughter, who has been christened Patricia.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Wells and Miss Louise Wells are home from a tour of the world, and Monday evening

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Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Wells of Westmoreland place gave an informal family dinner in their honor.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodford Davisson have returned from their wedding journey and are at home at their bungalow on Maricopa street.

Balkan States in Myth and History

By C. B. Thomas

In these modern times, when events crowd one another on the historic stage, it is worth while to take a passing interest in the fables, mythology and history of nations that just now absorb the world's attention. Most readers know that around the Hellespont, the Bosphorus and the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean sea, the world's known history began. Here is the home of legend, the cradle of history, the beginnings of civilization, of the foundations of art, literature, and the great religions of the world. The countries in which the war between the Balkan allies and Turkey was fought, and in which the strife among the allies themselves has so recently raged, is all classic ground, whose annals make up the richest chapters in mythology and ancient history.

Mount Olympus, in Thessaly, was the abode of Zeus, the supreme god of the Greeks and of the peoples of Thessaly, Macedonia and the minor nationalities of that early time. From Thessaly the Argonauts, a band of Grecian heroes, set out, under the lead of Jason, on their dangerous expedition to recover the famous golden fleece from the grove of Mars in Colchis. Jason built the largest ship known in those times, being aided by the goddess Athene who was the wisest of the ancient deities. This golden fleece was the glittering covering of the ram on whose back Helle attempted to escape from Thessaly into Asia, over the narrow strait that separated them. She fell off the ram's back and was drowned, and from this accident the strait was named Hellespont. This fleece was fastened on a tree, in the grove of Mars, and was guarded by a strong force of King Aetes. Jason was assisted by Medea, the daughter of the king, and eventually returned to Thessaly with the wonderful fleece, and Medea as his wife.

About a century later a movement of an entirely different character was begun in these countries. Paul, the chief teacher among the followers of Christ, was led by a vision to leave his work in Asia Minor and go over into Macedonia to preach Christ to the Gentiles, which meant, at that time, all the world except the Jews. So these states, after being for centuries the "dark and bloody ground" of history, became the scene for the revelation of the great fact that Christ came to bring a message of peace not only to the Jews, who prided themselves as the chosen people of God, but to all mankind.

After the Roman empire collapsed, the followers of Mohammed forced their way into Europe, conquered much territory and established their European capital at Adrianople, a city founded by the Roman Emperor Hadrian. Adrianople is, to Mohammedans, a sacred city, largely because of their veneration of it as their ancient capital, and because in it is located the famous mosque of Selim II, a splendid temple built in great part from the ruins of Famagusta, an ancient city of the island of Cyprus. About 450 years ago, when Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, they made it their capital. Since then, from the close contact of Mohammedans and Christians in these regions, they have been like a powder factory, liable at all times to destructive explosions, which have constantly threatened the peace of Europe.

"Aladdin From Broadway"

In these modern times, when events crowd one another on the historic stage, it is worth while to take a passing interest in the fables, mythology and history of nations that just now absorb the world's attention. Most readers know that around the Hellespont, the Bosphorus and the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean sea, the world's known history began. Here is the home of legend, the cradle of history, the beginnings of civilization, of the foundations of art, literature, and the great religions of the world. The countries in which the war between the Balkan allies and Turkey was fought, and in which the strife among the allies themselves has so recently raged, is all classic ground, whose annals make up the richest chapters in mythology and ancient history.

At Phillip's death his son, Alexander the Great, began his brilliant career. He made short work of all the present Balkan territories and with Greece, and then crossed the Hellespont into Asia, at practically the same point where Xerxes crossed from Asia to Europe, and swept on eastward till he became master of the known world. Alexander's empire fell to pieces after his death, and his successors in the Balkan regions finally came under the control of Rome.

In the last century before the Christian era this same region became the stage on which was enacted the final downfall of the Roman republic. Caesar at last broke with the Roman senate, crossed the river Rubicon, dividing his province of Gaul from Italy, and marched on Rome. The factions of the republic fled into all parts of the world, but Caesar followed and crushed them, one after the other, till he finally overtook the last opposing forces under Pompey at Pharsala, in the southern part of Thrace. This battle, one of the most important in all human history, gave to Caesar the absolute mastery of the Roman world.

Not coal lands 016097
NOTICE is hereby given that John W. Diss, whose post-office address is 302 Stimson Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 29th day of July, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 016097, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$. Sec. 27, Lots 1, 2, Sec. 33, Lot 4, Section 34, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$343.70, the stone estimated at \$171.85 and the land \$171.85; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 24th day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Three Books by the Editor

PAUL TRAVERS'
ADVENTURES
ON SPECIAL
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GLIMPSES ACROSS
THE SEA

By Samuel Travers Clover

The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Sitting Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoted data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

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a wild wager, and meantime, marries and then falls in love with a damsel in distress, will provide exciting fare for impressionable young people and also for the knitting matrons who frequent hotel verandas and are steeped in sentimentality. It seems too bad Mr. Isham does not use his talents to better advantage. ("Aladdin from Broadway." By Frederick S. Isham. Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 8, 1913.

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NOTICE is hereby given that Monroe J. Groshong, whose post-office address is Box 51, Owensmouth, California, did, on the 17th day of October, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 016654, to purchase Lot 1, Section 27, Township 2 North, Range 17 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, at \$29.25, the stone estimated at \$29.25 and the land nil; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 5, 1913.

Not coal lands 0016654
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FRANK BUREN, Register.

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

It has been said of the American people that they are never discriminating enough to dabble their fingers in the ponds of a problem; but instead of testing the temperature before they leap, they plunge into the depths, and oftentimes the struggle to sustain themselves is too herculean for their abilities. This seems strikingly demonstrated by the plethora of "white slave" plays which are adorning—or deforming—the stage today. And not the stage alone, for the magazines are flaunting playlets, the publishing houses are putting forth "reading plays;" and the daily papers fairly teem with pictures, details and exploitation of this loathsome scar on civilization's countenance. Last week at one of the local theaters this problem of the traffic in girls was dealt with in a most repulsive manner; this week at the Majestic theater there is a study of a different type, with the same main theme. It is not a good play; "mellerdrama" of a type to make Theodore Kremer shiver with envy, especially at the climax of the second act, when Virtue, in the form of a stalwart six-foot hero, knocks out Vice in the form of a villain and villainess, rescues his lady love and an unfortunate maiden, and departs from the scene in triumph to a hurricane of applause from an emotional audience. All that is needed to add the final touch to this scene is for the hero to wave the American flag while the orchestra bursts into the strains of Dixie.

There is a little bit of everything in "The Lure;" parts of it are so strongly reminiscent of Paul Armstrong's situations in "A Romance of the Underworld" that one may be forgiven a faint suspicion that the playwright received part of his inspiration from that source—providing the play may be called inspired. That the situation dealt with in these plays is a black one is not to be denied; that the men who are put in power through the vote of the people—and the money of the corporations—misuse their influence and exploit the public for personal gain is a subject that has been dealt with in a thousand and one dramas; but to have the play held up as a warning to girls and as a plea to men is absurd. The need for a minimum wage law for women is the thing that lies back of "The Lure"—the one sterling virtue it possesses. But as for being a play with an altruistic purpose—it has nothing to compel this belief.

It is well acted, with many individual triumphs of characterization. Adolph Link's picture of the poverty-stricken, kindly old doctor is a cameo, and William J. Kelly as the big, heroic secret service man succeeds admirably through force of personality and the music of a well trained voice. Beatrice Prentiss as the girl who is lured into the trap does capital work, except in her emotional scenes, when her awkward gestures strike a jarring note. Harold Russell and Leonard Ide have repulsive roles, which they fill to such perfection that the audience enthusiastically hisses them. It has been said by those who seem to speak with authoritative voices that Charlotte Granville draws an excellent portrait of

the madame, as Jean Temple does of the colored maid. "The Lure" is not to be taken seriously. Naturally, it has its virtues, but its dominant motive seems to be the almighty dollar. It is only when a playwright has something to say from the utmost depths of his beliefs and investigations, when he writes with a mighty purpose thrilling him, that such plays carry a message.

Terpsichore at the Orpheum

As a feast for the eyes Edwards Davis' "Kingdom of Destiny," which headlines the Orpheum bill this week, fills every requirement. The setting is a luxurious one, extremely so for a vaudeville offering, with lighting effects that are truly artistic. The fair damsels who disport themselves through the mazes of the playlet are also good to look upon; and their costuming is as scanty as a modern bathing suit, and even more so. And then there is Edwards himself, clad in a regal purple costume that fits him so well that the audiences buzzes with debates as to whether or not his jerkin is encased with whalebones. The sketch is worth while if only to see Mr. Davis in that costume. There is a lot of rhymes and not much reason in the offering. The lyric quality which the star occasionally attains is not sustained; nor does he present any new degrees of truth. Nobody listened very closely to the lines Monday afternoon, anyhow; all gazed at the stage and allowed themselves to be lulled by the picture it presented. There is a dance given by Mlle. La Gai, who essays the role of Lust. Mlle. La Gai dances exquisitely, and with very few clothes on, but never is there one offensive suggestion. It is truly the poetry of motion, and only the evil-minded could find a flaw of suggestion. The real star of the Orpheum bill is Rube Dickinson, whose make-up is a triumph, and whose dry, quizzical, down-east humor is side-splitting. The Feis trio are rather commonplace musicians, and Rameses, the so-called magician, should be ashamed of himself for obtaining money under false pretenses. The clever Du-For boys continue their dancing act; the Bell family are forgiven their music for the sake of their dancing and Milton Pollock and his company ramble on through George Ade's comedy sketch.

Offerings For Next Week

Sunday night, at the Majestic theater, William A. Brady's splendid production of the Broadhurst play, "Bought and Paid For," will open a week's engagement. This play made a hit in New York, where it had a record-breaking run, and also in London, where the Britishers are prone to look askance at American productions. It is the story of a young telephone girl of unusual talent and refinement, who falls in love with and is loved by a wealthy young broker. Realizing that Virginia is not a girl to be gained illegitimately, feeling for her a true love, young Stafford proposes marriage, and finally she accepts. He surfeits her with luxury and is wonderfully kind, except when his weakness—intoxication—has the master hand. Then he is a brute who regards his wife as simply a woman for whom he has paid a price, and who is therefore merely an instrument for his gratification. The girl rebels, and the manner in which the two work out their problem forms an interesting part of the play. There is much of the tensely dramatic in the

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Broadway bet.
Seventh and Eighth

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Fourth big week of Jack Lait's comedy drama

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Beginning Monday Matinee, September 15,

W. L. ABINGDON & CO., in "Honor is Satisfied"

THE VANIAS

"The Fisherman's Bride"

WILLIAMS, THOMPSON & COPE-

LAND, "The Burglar's Union"

ALMA YOULIN

Dramatic Soprano, in Songs

Last week here, EDWARDS DAVIS & CO., "The Kingdom of Destiny" World's News in Motion Pictures. Symphony Orchestra Concerts, 2 and 8 p. m. Every Night at 8, 10-25-50-75c; Boxes \$1; Matinees at 2 DAILY. 10-25-50c; Boxes 75c.

offering, and also much of the keenest sort of comedy, the playwright having created one of the strongest comedy characters that the stage has known. The cast is headed by Charles Richman, whose excellent work last season in the role of Stafford is still pleasantly remembered.

Saturday night "Madame Sherry" will close her long stay at the Burbank theater—not because the public has hesitated to invite her to remain, but because "The Girl in the Taxi" must make her first appearance Sunday afternoon. "Madame Sherry" has been a record-breaking success, proving the ability of the Burbank organization to carry off musical plays as well as legitimate offerings. "The Girl in the Taxi" has been in rehearsal for several weeks, and should go with clock-like precision from the first matinee. Miss Selma Paley, whose personal triumph in the role of Yvonne Sherry has introduced a new star to the local rialto, is to have an important role, while Percy Bronson and others of the same excellent cast that has been playing in "Madame Sherry" will be provided with congenial roles. The chorus will be lavishly costumed, and the piece will be mounted in true Burbank style.

Jack Lait's comedy-drama, "Help Wanted," has proved the biggest hit that has ever held the boards at the Morosco, having broken all records for total box-office receipts. It has packed the Morosco at every performance for three weeks, and the demand shows no sign of diminishing, so that the management has been compelled to announce a fourth week, to begin with the Sunday afternoon matinee. Manager Morosco, who returned from New York this week and had his first glimpse of the play, has decided that it is worthy a metropolitan production, and in December will produce it in New York, where it is expected to equal the success of such offerings as "Paid in Full," etc. Since its first production here, the play has been greatly changed, which of course adds much to its excellence. The Morosco company is finding good opportunity, particularly Grace Valentine, whose portrait of the young girl stenographer who must defend herself against her preying employer has revealed a goodly depth of talent.

W. L. Abingdon, distinguished English actor, whose appearances in this country have been few, will head the Orpheum bill opening Monday matinee, September 15, in a sketch called "Honor Is Satisfied," a new version of the eternal triangle. Mr. Abingdon has played with such distinguished stars as Sir John Hare, Sir Forbes Robertson, Sir Beerbohm Tree, and others, and in America was leading man for Mrs. Fiske. He is supported by his own company, which includes Miss Nina Herbert and Mr. Fred Hollins. The playlet which he is using has met the approval of both London and New York. The musical attraction on the new bill is supplied by the Vanias, a quartette of operatic artists who will offer a sketch called "The Fisherman's Bride." Miss Esther deLour is the soprano, and her voice is said to be of unusual power and quality. The act is lavishly costumed. Williams, Thompson and Copeland have a comedy sketch entitled "The Burglars' Union," in which Mr. Copeland essays four characters. Alma Youlin, a soprano well known in operatic work, will also be on the new bill. Edwards Davis' elaborate turn, "The Kingdom of Destiny," will remain another week, with Mr. Davis and Miss Julie Power in the principal roles; "Rube" Dickinson, the laugh-maker, will remain over, as will Rameses the magician and the Feis trio. A week later comes that unctuous comedienne, Stella Mayhew, with Billie Taylor at the piano.

Traces of Ancient Civilization in Owens Valley

Many newspaper men and magazine writers have been in the Owens River Valley since the Los Angeles aqueduct undertaking was begun, but so far as we have observed no article has appeared in print concerning the traces of ancient civilized Indian races that once formed a great empire on this continent. It has been asserted that these ancient civilizations never came so far north as California, but it is a fact that so recent as 1860 an explorer in the vicinity of Owens Lake came across a remnant of the ancient race living in that region. Two years later, in 1862, Alexander S. Taylor wrote an interesting article on this subject which has come into the possession of the writer. After commenting on the evidences of artistic skill displayed by these ancient peoples Mr. Taylor goes on to say:

We were informed lately by a friend that in the Valley of the Painted Rock, which is about four days' journey east by south from the Tejon Pass, exist many curious paintings in blue, white and red, with Indian figures, also Spanish ones of the time before 1820. In the valley are now corrals for catching horses from the Tulare plains, erected by the Californians since 1850, and an old Californian told us the soldiers of an expedition he was with in 1815 reached these painted rocks and found the figures there then; also, at another place nearly opposite to the other and which is situated in the Coast Range, in a cañada leading from the San Juan arroyo, which empties into the Salinas River near the Mission of San Miguel. It is not far from the Sulphur or Cariso Springs there, and a few miles only from the borders of the great valley. These last paintings are said to be on soft sandstone rocks; while those of the first, at Painted Rock Valley, are on a hard, bluish rock, and the rock itself is about twenty feet square in dimensions, hollow in the middle, like a bowl with the bottom knocked out.

Other paintings or hieroglyphics are found also in the vicinity of Truckee Lake. This Painted Rock valley hollows off to the east, and makes an immense plain, without wood, and with water in small but deep holes. These water holes are only a few feet across, and entirely bare of wood near them, and are nearly always situated on the tops of hills. The Painted Rock valley does not empty into the Tulare plains, but into the eastern aspects of New Mexico, and is south of the Coso region. Great bands of the bighorn or mountain sheep are found in its vicinity, and are excellent eating, but the pelt is like that of deer, with hair, and not wool. The range of this animal is all along the San Bernardino mountains, into Northern Lower California as far as the ocean, and eastward to the head of the Gulf, the mountains of the Gila, and all the country north from the Gila to the southern rim of the Great Basin. The bands are often thousands in number, the males with immense horns, while the females are without this appendage.

This gentleman informs us that while hunting in the Tulare lakes he found immense numbers of the white swan, who make their nests on tule floats, and hatch three or four young a year. They will often weigh thirty pounds, and are excellent eating and very fat, and much sought after by the hunters. They feed partly on the fresh water muscle, or clam, which is found in extraordinary abundance in all the Tulare waters, completely paving the bottom and very dangerous to walk on, as they are thin and brittle, and will cut like glass. The Indians feed greedily on them, and latterly they are used to fatten the hogs bred in that vicinity. This muscle has a shell of siliceous and not calcareous

formation, and weighs about three ounces. It is found in all the fresh water lagunas of the coast.

It is a very singular thing that these Tulare lakes have never been carefully explored. They are said to have been discovered by Padre Pedro Font, in 1775, in a journey overland from Sonora to Monterey with Captain Anzar, who was afterward killed on the Colorado by the Yumas. In 1819, a very careful survey was made of them in an expedition from Monterey, commanded by Captain J. M. Estudillo, who made a small, but very detailed, map of the lake country, a copy of which may be seen in the surveyor-general's office in San Francisco.

Another trace of the ancient Indians exists in our state on the San Cayatano Rancho of the Saticoy Valley, belonging to the Messrs. Mores. This trace is a large field of five hundred acres, divided by exactly parallel lines of earth, formerly irrigated, and which we are assured is neither the work of the Mission Indians nor those existing. It is divided exactly like those of the Gila or Pima Indians. All the canal or aqueduct marks are very old, and entirely different from those of the Mission Indians, which can be seen in the same valley in different places. The field is situated on a dry mesa, about a league from the ranch house, and near the mouth of the Sespe arroyo; the supplying canal can be traced two or three miles up that arroyo. Near by are found several singular mounds, which may be burial-places; they are in hollows of the ground not far from the plateau.

We were assured by an American who had lived in the valley several years, that he was very sure that this field was never cultivated or irrigated by the Mission or present Indians, and that it had always puzzled him, and he concluded it must have been done by the ancient Indians, of whom we know nothing. He had heard of the bones of buffaloes being found in this valley, and this confirms a statement made in Cabrillo's voyage in 1542, who when he anchored in front of Saticoy Valley was told by the Indians that people lived to the eastward of them who had cows and planted maize. The discoverer of California found the Indians of this vicinity much smarter than anywhere along the coast. Near the mouth of the Saticoy River are two immense smooth mounds, called by the Indians Tosalaloo and Mosolollo, more than a mile long.

There is another trace of this ancient Indian population in a curious roadway which leads from the mouth of the Coahuila Valley of San Gorgonio Pass across the desert country, for more than one hundred and forty miles, in nearly a straight easterly line, to the mouth of the Big Canyon of the Colorado River. All along this pathway, which is worn deep into the earth and soft rocks, the ground is covered thickly with broken unglazed pottery, supposed to be the remains of water vessels used by the ancient Indians. The present Indians know nothing of those who made this highway, which ends near Noble's rancho of San Gorgonio Pass, or Valley of the Coahuilas. The roadway is not much more than a foot broad, and what is very curious, it has in many of the rocks the distinct impression of human feet and of animals. It is worn into the soil several inches, and is very ancient, and still perfectly preserved in all its parts, as our informant related to us. By-paths lead from it in straight lines to off-lying water holes and springs, which are all surrounded with broken pottery.

It is well known that the present Indians living in the little valleys of the eastern slopes of the San Bernardino mountains, in San Diego and San

Bernardino counties, who number several thousands, and are mostly the neophytes of the southern missions, and generally speaking Spanish, have a tradition from their grandfathers that the Colorado desert was once thickly settled, and never in want of water, and well cultivated in many parts. These Indians still cultivate the ground and raise grain, cattle, sheep, horses, etc., and even make woolen blankets, as many of the Colorado tribes have done for many years back, some of which were of a superior quality, and which we have ourselves seen. These blankets are similar to the Navajo serapes, and can easily hold water.

In 1853, there were given out in the California papers great stories of the discovery of an immense pyramid and an extensive stone bridge being found in the eastern or Colorado parts of San Diego, Los Angeles or San Bernardino counties. The story was supposed to have been concocted by gold-mining hunters, or emigrants, sons of the father of lies, and descendants of the anathematized Mendoza, and was consequently disbelieved by Californians, who are not easily deceived, either by politicians or gambusinos. Nor should they be, if ten millions of public debts, or Fraser River, or Gold Lake are proof of their sagacity. If they had not have doubted no one would have found gold at Cariboo, or Salmon River, nor will ever any one find the gold-bullet country of Aubrey, nor the great pyramid and stone bridge, nor the capital of the ancient kings of California, which is still supposed to exist in a secret valley inside the dry mountains between the headwaters of the Rio Salado and Bill Williams' fork of the Colorado—a very terra incognita—by tradition of Jesuits and Indians, full of silver, gold and mercury, and waiting to immortalize some new discoverer, whose paths diverge from the field of Mars.

The mounds of Tosalaloo and Mosolollo, referred to as existing near the mouth of the Saticoy River, are strange looking objects, and as they are in the midst of a flat plain of great extent, running down to the ocean six miles off, they suggest the idea which old Indians are said to entertain of an ancient burial-place, probably of the sea kings of California, whose cities now are sunk under the neighboring channel of Santa Barbara. The high-road runs between them, and they are two hundred feet high—smooth, rounded, and entirely bare of trees. But they may be only one of the caprices of Mother Nature. The smaller mounds near the ancient irrigated fields of Cayatano are twenty miles up the valley, which has an exceedingly fertile soil in the bottoms; the whole country opens to the ocean in an immense plain twenty miles along the sea-shore, backed by high ranges of mountains. These smaller mounds are only five or six feet high, by about ten feet long; they are at the western end of the aqueducts and seen to have been water-worn or worked out, by running water all around the mounds, so as to isolate each one, of which there are ten or twelve in number.

DAHILLI2TBIDGEA
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 6, 1913.
016919 Not coal lands.
NOTICE is hereby given that Tobias Beckner Harris, whose post-office address is 140 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 18th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016919, to purchase the W 1/4 SE 1/4 NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 17, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$300.00, the stone

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estimated at \$180.00 and the land \$120; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 18th day of November, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 6, 1913.

017967 Not coal lands.
NOTICE is hereby given that Malcolm McLaren, whose post-office address is 1071 N. Serrano Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 7th day of March, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 017967, to purchase Lot 4, Section 36, Township 1 North, Range 20 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$62.84 and the land \$41.89; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 18th day of November, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Books

There is no doubt that Winston Churchill has thrown his whole personality into his latest novel, "The Inside of the Cup." While the book was written in part, at least, on these shores, in the balmy surroundings of Santa Barbara, it is full of his own boyhood city of St. Louis. The "St. John's Church" is Christ Church, now grimy and weather-beaten, although when it was consecrated it was in fashionable St. Louis. "Dalton St." is Chestnut Street, and the Park is Forest Park. He has felt the spiritual oppression of a great modern city, and the story is a modern "Burden of Nineveh." Mr. Churchill is eager to bring the message of the modern church closer to the people, by rousing the Social Conscience. He would have the church fundamentals restated so as to get rid of embarrassing doctrines that were the growth of an age of ignorance and credulity, and leave the minister free to emphasize the great truths that center in the person and life of Christ. Personality is the keynote of his teaching; the personality that demands a whole-souled religion, which does not give to the poor as an act of "charity" or mere tardy restitution, but which regards the poor man as a brother, to be treated justly and generously. Instead of business being war, where devilish passions are excited, it should be carried on in the spirit of the Master. The treatment shows an intimate acquaintance with Bosanquet, Royce, William James, Rauschenbusch and other of the closest thinkers of the age; and the book is another Robert Elsmere, but with much greater constructive quality. ("The Inside of the Cup." By Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company.)

"The Book of Evelyn"

Romance of a mild, innocuous sort, rather spinster-like in its conception, despite its effort to suggest soul depths is to be found in Geraldine Bonner's novel of cumbersome title, "The Book of Evelyn." The development of the one really vivid character of the book, Bonaventura, the big, beautiful animal whose mighty voice is given soul only by the tearing of her heart through unrequited love, is rather interesting, although not new in its salient points. And Evelyn, who is a widow, yet rather old maidish, and who is fond of the "nicer" things of life, with a smattering of machine-made culture, an ability to say "nice" things, and to like "nice" men—there are hundreds of women like her in every circle, which perhaps is the reason why she is not intensely interesting. We like to have the natural things of life exaggerated a little for the sake of lending them glamour. The man who dines daily on cold potatoes finds no romance in reading of them—he much prefers the mention of champagne and terrapin. ("The Book of Evelyn." By Geraldine Bonner. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"Polly-Anna"

While there is no smack of novelty in the story which relates the mellowing influence that childhood so often has on crabbed aunts and uncles or sour spinsters and grouchy bachelors, nevertheless, this timeworn plot is given a new impetus in Eleanor H. Porter's book, "Polly-Anna," which has been named the "Glad" book because of the optimism that thrills through its pages. The story of the coming of the little girl to the home of her maiden aunt, into whose closed heart she throws the sunlight of love, is a trite

theme, but Polly-Anna's bright little soul, her refusal to let the clouds appear without a silver lining, have a special message. Of course, Polly-Anna is not real, not in any sense of the word. She is purely a child of fiction, but one of an excellent influence. It is a good book for the little girl, although to the older person the moments of priggishness become rather irritating, and one wishes Polly-Anna would have a human burst of temper once in a while. ("Polly-Anna." By Eleanor H. Porter. L. C. Page & Co.)

"The Blossom Shop"

Another "child" book, destined for older persons, is "The Blossom Shop," a story of a charming Southern woman, left with a little blind daughter. They eke out an existence by shipping jasmine and smilax to the city florists. Then, of course, Mrs. Grey, the mother, falls heir to a fortune, and little Gene Gray's sight is restored, mother surrenders to the importunate lover, and they all go back home to live happy ever after. The trouble with stories in which precocious children are the central figures, is their similarity and their lack of reality. Such angel-children as most writers depict would have been taken back to heaven on a white cloud before they lived long on this mundane sphere. They are too good to be true. Realism may be carried too far; but idealism often becomes absurd when it oversteps the bounds. ("The Blossom Shop." By Isla May Mullins. L. C. Page & Co.)

Magazines of the Month

Far places, those in the beaten track of tourists and those in the great unknown are always interesting features of Harper's Magazine, and in the September issue "Cartagena, the Ancient," by Willard Hurd Lawrence, and "By Caravan Through the Libyan Desert," by Daniel T. MacDougal are given space. John Masefield, the English poet, has one of his striking sea poems, thrilling with the superstitions and the breath of the ocean. John L. Mathews gives advice to farmers, Louise Closser Hale writes of Le Puy, Thomas R. Lounsbury rises to the defense of the American, and William Dean Howells has his usual budget of comment. In fiction is to be found Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel, "The Coryston Family," "In the Anchor Watch," by James B. Connolly, "The Gifts of Oblivion," by Dorothy Canfield, "Impasse," by Katherine F. Gerould, "A Question of Wills," by Alice Brown, "The Dollivers' Long Lane," by Margaret Cameron, "The Foreign Voyager," by R. M. Hallett, and "The Mysterious Envelope," by George A. Birmingham.

Notes From Bookland

Death of Bernard Quaritch has taken from the business of book-collecting a name that has come to be regarded almost in the light of an institution. Before the elder Quaritch opened his second-hand bookshop near Leicester Square in London seventy years ago, the commercial value of the rare book was practically unknown. What amounted to positive genius, however, in this second-hand dealer gave to book-collecting the dignity and precision of a science and incidentally established a business that has made itself felt wherever books are bought and sold. The elder Bernard Quaritch died fourteen years ago. The son who succeeded him, and whose death was announced recently, showed an even greater aptitude for the buy-

Here's a Thought for the Discriminating Advertisier

Sixty per cent of the California Club membership receives *The Graphic* weekly, a goodly share of the Jonathan Club members take it and in the University Club, Union League and the Beloved Sunset Club it has a fine representation.

Why? Because of the diversified, high-class character of its contents: Pungent editorials, current comment on world happenings, New York, London and San Francisco letters by brilliant writers, gossip "By the Way" department, unique "Browsings" for lovers of old books, down-to-date literary page, comment on art and artists, unsurpassed music page, spirited dramatic critiques, giving a complete purview of the local stage, exclusive "Social and Personal" department, pithy and intelligent review of local security market and banking affairs generally.

The Graphic has been established eighteen years. Its reputation, its prestige and its circulation are steadily increasing. It is the only high-class weekly in Los Angeles that goes into the homes and the clubs, containing, as it does, reading matter so diversified that it is equally interesting to men and women who think for themselves.

No waste circulation. Every subscriber a possible purchaser for the best class of trade. Advertising rates are reasonable.

S. T. CLOVER - - - Editor and Publisher
THE GRAPHIC, 403-4 San Fernando Building, Los Angeles.

ing and selling of books than his father. It was under his management that the famous Quaritch shop was moved from Piccadilly to its present spacious quarters on Grafton Street, while the fame of his acquisitions, especially those recorded in the recent Hoe library sales, will not soon be forgotten by collectors. It has been objected, in this connection, that the collecting of rare books, with the sensational prices frequently involved in that fascinating occupation, is of no intrinsic value to literature. The criticism, however, is more plausible than real. The rescuing from oblivion of more than one literary treasure by Bernard Quaritch and his father, who have thus enlarged the domain at the command of original investigators in literature and science, is its sufficient answer.

Robert Hichens' new novel, "The Way of Ambition," which was issued last week by Frederick A. Stokes Company, is described as "a new kind of Hichens novel." The story is based on the struggle between conflicting ambition, that of a young musician for his art and that of his charming wife for her social advancement. The plot touches upon a great operatic war in New York and the ending, a happy one, is staged in the "Garden of Allah" country. Another volume which was published the same day by this house is "The Heart of the Desert," by Mrs. Honore Willsie, a tale involving Indians and wealthy Easterners, and in which the author makes the Arizona desert "a real, beautiful place for healing."

Other books on the September list are "Anne, Actress," by Juliet G. Sager, a "realistic but charming story of the stage by one who knows;" "Dave's Daughter," by P. B. Cole, the story of millionaire girl and two delightful old maids, and "A Modern Eve," by May Edington, in which a girl of beauty and ability is the heroine of an exciting modern story. A volume of amusing and clever short stories by

Richard Dehan will be issued under the title "The Headquarter Recruit," and a romance entitled "The Soul of Milliecent," by James Branch Cabell, will be published, with illustrations by the late Howard Pyle.

Gift of a Restigouche River salmon weighing twenty-five pounds was recently received by Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, author of the "Mother West Wind Series" and "Bedtime Story Books," with a note directed to Montreal, and informing him that he had a better knowledge of the animals introduced in his stories than three-quarters of the writers on natural history. Mr. Burgess lives in western Massachusetts, and was not at home when notified that the "fush," as a true fisher of salmon always calls the creature, had arrived, but his son had it sent to the Children's Memorial Hospital in Montreal, and he enjoyed it vicariously. Mr. Burgess is not the only recipient of gifts from admirers. A bookseller in Manchester, England, on whom Mr. Jeffrey Farnol called when on his recent wanderings about Great Britain, presented him with a life-size figure of a Japanese nobleman arrayed in the armor worn in the days before the invasion of Nippon by foreigners. Mr. Farnol intends to keep the figure in his study.

As New Zealand will be so near, reckoning in time, to the eastern American coast after the opening of the Panama Canal, it is for the mercantile interests of the Eastern ports to study the great British dependency, and its trade, about which British economists are already in a flutter. Mr. Paul Gooding, a California newspaper man, and a frequent visitor to the islands, has written an excellent descriptive volume adapted to readers of all classes. It will have sixty-four pictures of the strange and beautiful scenery of the region, and the author has minutely described both the land and the people.

It happens that Houghton Mifflin Company will be the first American publishers to produce a book on New Zealand written for American readers, and written by an American, and the standard which it sets is commendably high. Mr. Gooding entitles his work "Picturesque New Zealand."

The story of Australia is told by W. H. Fitchette, LL. D., in a one-volume book entitled "The New World of the South," published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The author says: "The story of Australia is, from some points of view, curiously interesting. It offers the spectacle of the evolution of a nation, lying so near to us in time that the process can be studied with scientific minuteness, and as under the lens of a microscope. And the factors, if not the events, are on a great scale. The stage is an entire continent. For Australia offers the only instance in history where a whole continent has flying above it the flag of a single people. And this is a continent with the climate of Italy, with more than the mineral wealth of Peru, and as fit to be the granary of the world today as Egypt was for the world of the Caesars."

Messrs. Harper & Brothers announce the publication of a new Rex Beach novel, "The Iron Trail." Advance orders have been so great that it has already been necessary to go to press for two large editions and an increase. Reprintings of the following books are announced: "Greyfriars Bobby," by Eleanor Atkinson; "Jane Field," by Mary Wilkins Freeman; "When Valmont Came to Pontiac," by Sir Gilbert Parker; "Northern Lights," by the same author; "Sister Carrie," by Theodore Dreiser; "May Iverson, Her Book," by Elizabeth Jordan; "Ten Days from Dickens," by Kate D. Sweetser; "The Flamingo Feather," by Kirk Munroe; "Cadet Days," by Gen. Charles King, and "Eye Spy," by William H. Gibson.

Outing Publishing Company announces for early October a new novel by Charles Alden Seltzer, author of the "Coming of the Law." It deals with Western life, its gunmen, ranchers, cowboys, and, of course, the girl. The book is entitled "The Trail to Yesterday." The same house will bring out shortly a book by Horace Kephart, "Our Southern Highlanders." This volume tells of a people and country as yet but little known except through fiction. "A Year With a Whaler," by W. B. Burns, is a third title on this list, and gives an absorbing account of life and adventure on a whaling ship. Many titles are to be added to the Outing Handbooks, the first to appear being "Tennis Tactics," by R. D. Little; "Intensive Farming," by L. C. Corbett; "Pigeon Raising," by Alice Macleod; "Taxidermy," by L. L. Pray, and "Ice Boating," by H. L. Stone.

Gouverneur Morris' new book is called "If You Touch Them They Vanish." It is gouvenerish, just as Owen Johnson's "The Sixty First Second," is owenish; and what is left over in both is magazinish, decidedly. Better stuff is "What Happened in the Night and Other Stories," by James Hopper, who was one of the authors of "Convict 9009." Several of these stories are written about children, and in each of them a child appears. Better still, perhaps—then perhaps not—is L. P. Jack's "All Men Are Ghosts;" anyway, William James would have been interested in these "human studies."

A study of "Beaumont the Dramatist," by Charles Mills Gayley, Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of California, and "Social Revolution," by Dr. T. S. Chapin, of Smith College, will be published by the Century Co. this month. Dr. Chapman's book presents a survey of the important facts and principles involved in the evolution of human nature from the lower forms of life, and will have more than eighty illustrations from diagrams, maps and photographs. New printings are announced

of Bertha Runkle's "The Scarlet Rider;" of Edmund C. Bentley's "The Woman in Black," and the thirty-second edition of Kipling's unfailingly popular "Jungle Book." A new edition of the "Jungle Book" is to be issued this fall, with sixteen illustrations in full color by the English artists, Maurice and Edward Detmold.

Among recent novels is Maurice Hewlett's "Bendish: A Study in Prodigality," the re-creation in a different environment of one of the most flamboyant figures of the nineteenth century. Edith Wharton's novel on "American marriage" is called "The Custom of the Country" and represents somewhat of a return to the spirit and method of "The House of Mirth." G. K. Chesterton's new philosophical fantasy is called "The Flying Inn." It tells the story of the last English innkeeper when all western Europe has been conquered by the Moslem Empire and its dogma of abstinence from wine!

"The Man Who Saw Wrong," by Jacob Fisher, author of "The Cradle of the Deep," which was published by the John C. Winston Company last week, is described as a vivid story of the struggles of two men for the same prize, in which "life as good as it is, is in contrast with life as bad as it is." At the same time will be published "Fanny of the Forty Frocks," by Francis Aymar Mathews, who wrote "My Lady Peggy Goes to Town," etc., a romance of love and political adventure, and "The Fate of Felix Brand," by Florence Finch Kelly, whose previous books include "The Delafield Affair."

Fondness of John Galsworthy for animals, especially the horse, must have been evident to anyone who read his novel, "The Patriarch," or his two volumes of sketches, "The Inn of Tranquillity" and "A Motley." In fact, a pamphlet by him called "For Love of Beasts," first published in England, has now been published in this country by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in New York. Recently, in connection with a bill framed for the protection of dogs against vivisection in England, he made a strong plea for the dogs on sentimental grounds.

Rowland Thomas, who wrote "Fatima," one of the season's publications, is a Massachusetts farmer when not writing novels. He is also a Harvard graduate and won the first prize, \$5,000, among 30,000 manuscripts with his short story "Fagin," a Philippine story, in the Collier's Weekly competition of 1905, a tale which was incorporated afterward in Mr. Thomas' first book, "The Little Gods."

Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company have just published the following books: "Happy-go-Lucky," by Ian Hay, showing how a young Englishman fell in love in a romantic manner on the top of a bus and the family complications which followed; "The Nation and the Empire," by Lord Milner, and "The Residence of the Air and Aviation," by Gustav Eiffel, translated by Jerome C. Hunaker, in addition to a number of valuable educational works.

"The Supplanter," by Grace Duffie Boylan, classed as "a new kind of novel," is on the fall list of Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. Other volumes on this list are "Four Months at Chautauqua," by "Pansy;" "Jean Cabot in the British Isles," by Gertrude Fisher Scott; "The Girl from Arizona," by Nina Rhoades; "Betty Tucker's Ambition," by Angelina W. Wray; "Dorothy Dainty's Vacation," by Amy Brooks; "Harmony Wins," by Millicent Olmsted, and many other good stories for boys and girls.

"The Last Chance Saloon" and "Johnny Heinold," its proprietor, play a considerable part in the early chapters of Jack London's story of his life, "John Barleycorn," which the Century Company has just issued. One of the many letters which reached Mr. London

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On account of heavy rains in the mountains, the Falls are now equal to June and July in ordinary years. The Merced River is three feet higher than it was a week ago. The water conditions are the best this September in the history of the Valley.

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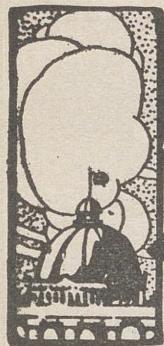
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Stocks & Bonds



Holidays always play havoc with the market. The one this week, Tuesday Admission Day, was not different from others, with the usual result, a dearth of business. Now that the brokers have had their summer play with the final roundup Tuesday, it is not only expected, but it is certain that business will improve. There will be no off day until Thanksgiving.

Featured on the local market this week have been Associated and Union oil securities. The former appeared weak in the face of the fact that a dividend of \$1.50 had been ordered by the directory and also that improvements aggregating more than one million dollars had been made and paid for out of the earnings. The price for the stock opened Monday at \$41.87½ and then climbed up to \$43.25 on good purchasing.

Union Oil sold Monday at \$57.00, the closing bid price that day being \$56.62½. There was an advance Wednesday and finally the security moved upward until sales were recorded at \$58.62½. This would indicate that the investing public has placed confidence again in the management and hopes to push the stock back to the investment class rather than have it remain as a speculative stock. This, however, can only be done through publicity. The people are tired of being fooled, tired of having figures presented that they cannot understand. What they demand is facts. These being given investors at once enter the field. This view also applies to Los Angeles Investment Company stock which has moved up from the low point of last week.

In the bond, bank, industrial and mining market there is nothing doing. The market for these securities is at a standstill.

In the world at large railroad earnings show extraordinary prosperity. Melons are being carved and the dividend slices are more than generous. Union Pacific is likely to pay in October an extra dividend of \$25 a share and at the same time cut down the regular dividend from 10 to 8 per cent believing that the reduction will be more in accord with what other great systems show in the way of earning capacity.

Money matters are somewhat easier. The fact that the administration currency bill has been reported to the house and that debate thereon will conclude this Saturday night and that the bill will pass the fire of the week and go to the senate where it will be pushed to final passage has caused the protestants to read the handwriting. Their day has ended.

Banks and Banking

In a circular addressed to its customers, a Baltimore bank points out that Baltimore has been assigned \$2,800,000 of the crop-moving money which the treasury is distributing and suggests that Baltimore was probably regarded as entitled to share in the distribution by reason of the assistance lent by the banks of that city to the banks of the South. The circular adds: "Upon this theory that Baltimore is entitled to this money because it is in the habit of financing Southern institutions, and has already given very large assistance in that section of the country, why is it that under the same con-

ditions New York is not entitled, also, to the greatest portion of these crop-moving funds?"

Stock and Bond Briefs

Directors of the California Petroleum Corporation have passed the dividend for the present quarter on the common stock, giving as their reason for such action the failure of new wells to produce as much oil as had been expected and the increase of development expenses above original estimates. The stock has received, since the shares were listed on the New York stock exchange, two dividends of 1¼ per cent each. The usual preferred dividend of 1¾ per cent for the quarter was declared, to be paid October 1. A statement issued by Secretary Bridge said that the company, from the time of its organization in October, 1912, to July 31, 1913, had produced net earnings of \$1,784,969, out of which \$1,207,432 had been paid in dividends, leaving a surplus of \$577,537. Provision will be made from the surplus account for the amortization of development expenses and the exhaustion of oil lands. The only surprise expressed over the directors' action in regard to the quarterly return to stockholders of both classes was that the preferred payment had not been reduced. This was in response to rumors heard a few weeks ago that the company had met with considerable disappointment in sinking new wells, and was determined to draw heavily upon earnings to maintain development work on a high scale rather than having recourse to loans for the purpose. The voting of the usual preferred dividend was considered, in fact, as a declaration by the directors that earnings had increased in recent months sufficiently to take care of higher expenses without strain and still leave a substantial margin of profit for the major shares. The margin for the present year, under current conditions, has already been estimated at approximately \$860,000, more than half of which, it is said, will be applied to the depreciation account.

In order to build a series of county highways between Rockwood and Cal-exico and between Holtville and El Centro, the board of supervisors of Imperial county is planning for a bond election for \$500,000.

San Diego's need of a new water system will probably be met at the election to be held in October, when a bond issue of \$960,000 for the installing of the various necessities will be held.

Inglewood is arranging for a special election on a bond issue of \$150,000 for school purposes.

August Mortality in Business

There were 1,088 failures reported to Bradstreet's for the month of August, an increase of 2.1 per cent over July and of 6.6 per cent over August a year ago. With the exception of June and July, however, the August mortality was smaller than in any preceding month this year. That it was a full total for a midsummer month, nevertheless, is shown by the fact that the number for August this year exceeded any preceding August since 1896, there being 8 per cent more failures than in August, 1908, and the excess over August, 1906, was 73 per cent. The liabilities of those failing aggregated \$23,-

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ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

July 11, 1913.

019293 Not coal lands.
NOTICE is hereby given that George Washington Haight, whose post-office address is 1686 W. Adams street, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 7th day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019293, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 8, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and the stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00 (see 015939), the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of September, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names at witnesses: William D. Newell, of West 1st St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Joseph A. Anker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Edward A. Mellus, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Joseph Hunter, of Calabasas, Cal.

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Suit \$49.50—Claret color duretyne cloth, with bayadere stripe of self color, long cutaway fastened well down at waist line; low cut chamois color broadcloth vest, stole effect sash of self material, long roll velvet collar, the same color as suit—peg top skirt with unusually novel drape.

Suit \$49.50—Of black diagonal with semi-novelty Russian blouse; normal waist line front with hip-length waist line back; cutaway peplum; broad velvet collar—the coat buttons well over to the left side; black ornaments of self material; skirt has a one side novel drapery caught up under a lapped-over scalloped effect—

Suit at \$39.50—Coat of dark tan color brocade sponge with chiffon broadcloth skirt the same shade—the novelty cut coat has long points on each side of center front, cut in one with the coat—the skirt has drapery on both sides—deep laps over the side slits, lengthwise slot seam center of back, round buttons of self material—

Suit at \$39.50—of taupe rep, with semi-blouse coat with cutaway peplum, heavy braid collar and cuffs, novelty cut, embroidered in subdued tones—plain straight skirt draped on right side and finished with cluster of small two-tone buttons.

